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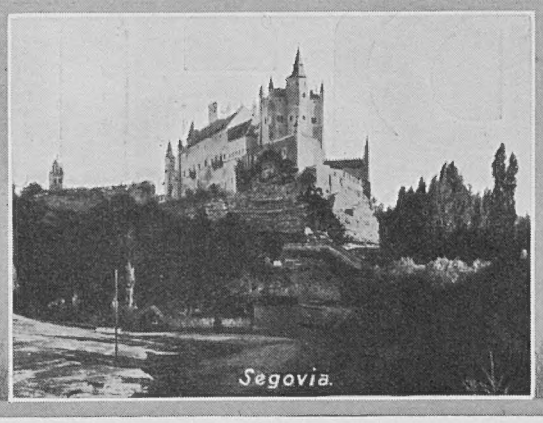
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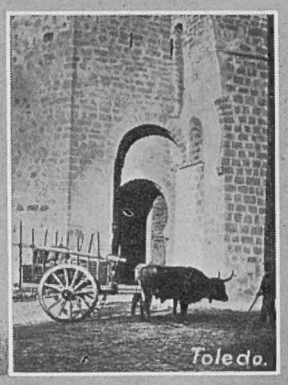
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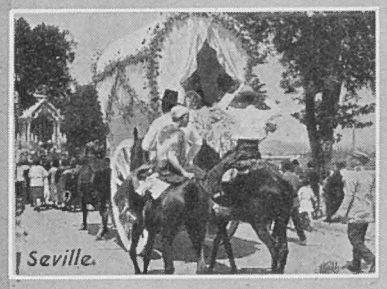
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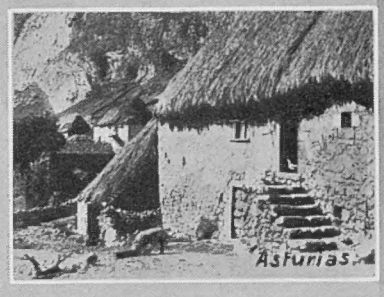
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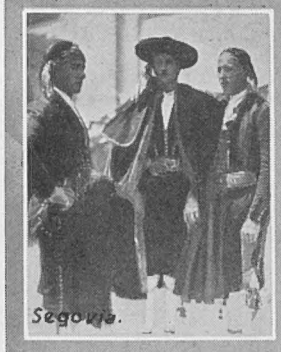
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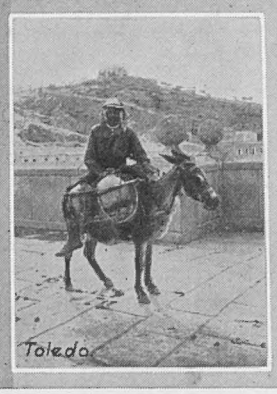
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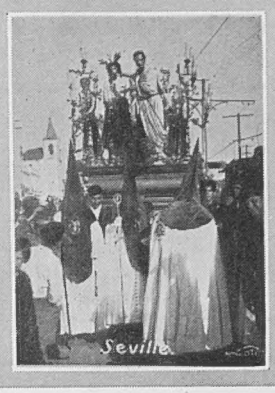
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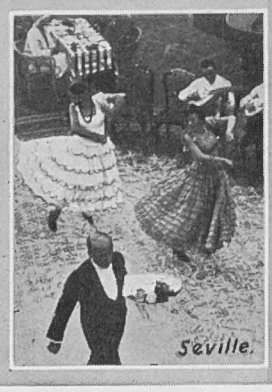
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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly Volume CXXVII No. 1658 Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d. } London, October 31, 1931

: VICTORY :

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin Read the Ticker Results of the National Triumph and the Labour Landslide at the Conservative Headquarters

Last Tuesday night the most epoch-marking political event—eclipsing the Liberal avalanche of 1906 and the Tory triumph of 1924—took place, when the Labour Party was routed more decisively than any convinced optimist or ardent Conservative could have hoped. With 265 National Candidates returned as against 25 for the Opposition, when the B.B.C. sent the listeners, weary but happy and hoarse with cheering, to bed at 4 a.m. on Wednesday morning; with the great majority of Socialist Ministers "out" and the great majority of National Ministers "in"—the British Electorate once again rose to its Imperial destiny

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346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 28, 1931.

A London Newsletter

Mainly concerning the General Election of October, 1931

Polling Day.—Polling still continues at the moment of going to press, and no man yet dare holloa. But, thank Heaven, it's all over bar the counting. It hasn't been after all, as Mr. Graham forecast, an election which roused the bitterest passions ever recorded, but it has been a depressing interlude none the less. In the course of it I have been twice confident of a huge National Government majority, and twice resigned to a modified mandate. I confess I never anticipated a Hendersonian victory, and that because it seemed possible to estimate the number of seats where defeat for the National cause was obvious, probable, and possible, and the sum of these seats still represented a considerable minority. After every broadcast address by a Hendersonian I was confident, until tidings from the outposts of unemployment sent me down again. There, one always heard, the cut in the dole was the limit of vision, and behind that solid wall of blind obstinacy were ranged serried ranks of teachers, postmen, and the rest who have perforce suffered in a common cause. And then slowly confidence would rise again. For even babies surely see the catch in the fable of the goose and the golden egg (no goose, no eggs), or of Rosamund and the purple jar (it derived all its colour from the liquid it contained). And so, alternately hoping and doubting, but never in an ecstasy of golden illusion as to the millennium which a big victory may bring, I come to polling day.

Seven Lean Years.—And I remember that seven years ago almost to a day the Zinovieff Letter brought the first Labour Government to face extinction at a General Election. Seven lean years of crowded history and a wealth of depression followed. Heavens, the poignant writings added to the wall! Heavens, the lost opportunities, the signs disregarded, the lessons neglected, the humiliations imposed on our institution of Government! Can all this have happened in seven years, can political memory be so short that those lessons in a few months may be once more neglected? The mistakes were not of one party, but of all parties. Mr. MacDonald paid once for weakness and has half redeemed his fame. Mr. Baldwin hurled away a golden chance and the support and confidence of a nation and, with such chances as offered, has in small part redeemed his fame. Mr. George has hurled into the dustbin what was left to him of a nation's gratitude and admiration and a once splendid political party, and Mr. Henderson has sent his party suit to the jumble sale. There is so much to do again; to build again; to restore again; and so much doubt whether the protagonists in our barren political field can commit to memory for any length of time lessons writ in letters of fire, that we enter on a new Parliament with less than the customary enthusiasm and hope. We have been too much tried, too sharply disillusioned. The new Parliament is a body of men with 615 reputations for statesmanship to make or regain. To that extent it is psychologically interesting.

The Radio Election.—The General Election of 1931 is entitled to go down to history as the Radio Election. Radio has before now played a part in elections and a big part in national crises, but this is the first election in which radio has played the chief part. Largely this was due to the simplicity of the issue. Week after week a few perfectly simple points have been hammered in by a dozen skilled speakers to a more or less constant audience counted not in hundreds but in millions. Radio continues to astound us with its possibilities, and we may fairly look forward in future general elections to immense economy of money and time and energy by means of wireless public debates on the issue between voters and party leaders. Sir Herbert Samuel's dream of a composite electoral voice is practical politics. There is not the smallest reason in future why a dozen chosen voters should not pick holes publicly in the politicians' speeches and receive replies to their criticisms by the same wireless medium, always before the same audience of millions. In short, the whole business can be achieved by a half dozen national political meetings. This will surely come, and lead the way, too, to international meetings on wider political issues. And hereby hangs a warning for politicians. Hitherto the political speech has depended on the personality and dramatic magnetism of the speaker. But when he can appeal only to the ear, half his thunder is stolen. We take him then at his word value, not at his face value, his dramatic value—a vital aid to a professional spell-binder with a feeble case. That was why the Hendersonians in radio addresses cut so sorry a figure in this election. That was why Messrs. Clynes and Graham seemed merely vindictive, destructive, and feeble, and why Mr. George's words seemed those of a sick and petulant man. Sir John Simon won the palm for his reasoned logic, and Sir Herbert Samuel for his restraint and decency, while Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Snowden made the most of a strong position.

The Last Laugh.—"Do you desire the government of this great country to be under the dictation of a single organization representing only a section of the nation? That is the real, the sole question which you must answer at the polls." Who said this? Mr. Henderson said it. But so, curiously, did the Premier, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Snowden, Sir Herbert and Sir John. It is one of the few laughs we have got out of this election. For it is a double dilemma. The single dictating organization has two faces. The smug, smooth-shaven face of the banker, and the fierce and rugged face of Trades Unionism. A Delphic dilemma, put as the politicians have put it. However we vote, the answer apparently is in the affirmative. However we vote, we vote for slavery.

Cabinet Making.—The tumult and the shouting dies. Posters and promises are laid up in lavender. Supplies of political vitriol are being refined for the Debate on the Address. New members are having a preliminary reconnaissance of the scene of their coming triumphs, and victorious Ministers are engaged on their occasional hobby of Cabinet making. May their drawers not stick and their doors not creak! Even here the usual personal interest is lacking, for most of the Government posts are prejudged and bespoke and there will be very few surprises, very few new brooms, and any number of disappointed geniuses. It cannot be helped. The Spirit of Sacrifice must not die down now. Somehow or other, it has got to burn steadier and steadier at the seat of government if it is to illumine the slums and bye-streets during the coming months of darkness. So far as I can see there is absolutely no ground for a continuation of Opposition bitterness. Each side expressed confidence. The country has spoken, and it remains for the beaten side to take defeat in a sporting spirit and achieve a really generous and helpful opposition in this hour of need. The voter has cast his vote, has had his little hour, and sinks back lifeless into nonenity. We don't matter a hang again for umpteen years. That is why, disillusioned and often disappointed and tricked, we breathe our dying prayer, *Morituri, te victorem salutamus*. Remember you are our appointed trustee, you are trustee of the Nation, not *faber tuae fortunae*. And the duty of a trustee is to devote *more care* to his trusteeship than to his own affairs.

Cyprus.—All tastes are good, and if a large section of the inhabitants of Cyprus desire to become part of Greece there is no good reason for quarrelling with their ideal, albeit there is no tradition involved in linking the destinies of Greece and Cyprus. In ancient days it was usually an appanage of Egypt or Assyria or Persia and became a Roman Province in A.D. 58. In our own times we knew it as an Ottoman Province in British occupation, and only in the second decade of this century did it come under British rule. The ideal, therefore, is quite legitimate. But it is another thing to burn down Sir Ronald's roof-tree and send him scurrying out in light attire. That is a provocative act which suddenly awakens our lukewarm interest in Olympian Cyprus, and sends warships and battalions to the island we seldom remember that we possess. And what the devil are we doing in that galley? I try so hard to be an Imperialist and to resist smallmindedness. I try to ask with Kipling, "What do we know of England who do not Cyprus know?" But after all we have treated Cyprus with superb disrespect. We were perfectly ready in 1915 to hand these "British Citizens" over to the vacillating Constantine, lock, stock and barrel, as a bribe and nothing more. A majority of the inhabitants are Greeks with Greek sympathies, a minority Turks. And under the name of Imperialism we must hold the scales between Balkan factions, with governors, officials, warships, and battalions. It is all very obscure, this Mediterranean Empire. Haven't we enough to do?

Will Shooting Survive?—A year or two ago I expressed the view that shooting as a sport was as firmly implanted in the nation as ever, and appealed now to a far wider public. Formerly the prerogative of the aristocracy and landed gentry, shooting in some form is now a common relaxation among prosperous country tradesmen, while many important estates all over the country are syndicated by wealthy City store and shopkeepers and all the stockbrokers. Every available acre in the Home Counties is shot over by syndicates of big or small fry, who roam in the hope of a wild pheasant or rear hecatombs of game. That is the position this year, and the last published figures of game licences taken out confirm my opinion. But already, since the crisis dawned, a change has come over the scene. Far-seeing landowners rigorously cut down expenditure at the beginning of the last rearing season, and this winter are relying for their amusement chiefly on wild birds. Every one of us is noting with sorrow that the customary invitations are not forthcoming this autumn, and the failure of the partridges enhances our disappointment. "If you are coming to the funeral," wrote the newly widowed Duchess in the great age of Victoria, "be sure and bring your gun. *Whoever* dies, the pheasants *must* be shot." It is a comforting thought for those of us who love the sport beyond all others. But it is tempered with doubts. Only in a few favoured spots nowadays do wild pheasants flourish well enough to make unsupplemented a sportsman's holiday. In too many parts of England, in default of rearing, the breed will dwindle and die out.

Vandyk

THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE "LITTLE SEASON": Captain Abel Smith and Lady May Cambridge after their wedding at Balcombe last week-end—an event fully illustrated on the facing page

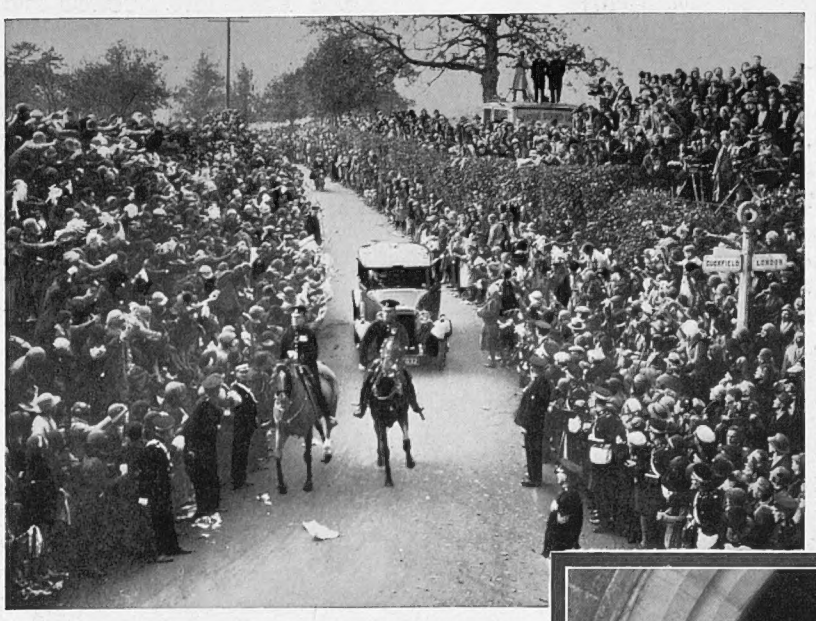
A Melancholy Outlook.—Our present economic plight makes the rearing of pheasants an impossible extravagance save for the wealthiest syndicates and a score or two of surviving (nominal) millionaires. A single gun in a syndicate covert shoot, giving one day a week averaging 200 birds, may well cost £400. And that means that in a few years all save the favoured districts—the Highlands of the north, parts of Wales and East Anglia, and wherever duck and snipe are found—will be skinned and bare of game. A revival in grain growing may possibly benefit the partridge, but at the moment the outlook is gloomy. Every true sportsman will declare that he prefers a good *maraud* to a first-class *battue*. But many true sportsmen ruefully admit that they find little satisfaction in a long walk over flat fields on the off chance of shooting a low pheasant in the tail. It is a melancholy outlook at the moment except for "humanitarians."

Two People.—I have been reading, with joy, Mr. Milne's first novel. For reading time has come round. Here is the wisdom which I reaped from it in the sunshine of laughter. There is no such thing as the novel form in literature, whatever the paper wrapper may say. *Two People* is a sketch, an amalgam of Mr. Milne's delightful and impish theories, of his plots for short stories, slices of dialogue for plays, of witty anecdotes and epigrams, and his experiences of country life; and these pleasant oddments are fitted on to his charmingly-fashioned lay figures with perfect success. There is no such thing as the novel form if *David Copperfield, Pride and Prejudice, The Bridge of San Luis Rey, Two People, Grand Hotel, All Quiet on the Western Front, The Good Companions, The Way of All Flesh*, and *Imperial Palace* are all described as novels. A novel may be a good story, a romance, a fantasy, a piece of propaganda, a study of a particular industry, a study of the clash of human characters or their development, a setting out of theories—anything that can be harnessed to an imaginary group of human beings. My second grain of wisdom is this: What charms us to-day is not so much wit, or humour, or discernment, as courage of opinion. Mr. Milne succeeds because he is not afraid to lash vulgarity and conventionality and snobbery and meanness. How different from the days of Samuel Butler! My last grain is this: In London there flourish concurrently a hundred distinct types of existence for the Upper Classes. There is only one form of country life to-day for the Upper Classes, and he who seeks to describe it paints an exhaustive picture which everyone who lives in the country recognizes as the essence of his own home life.

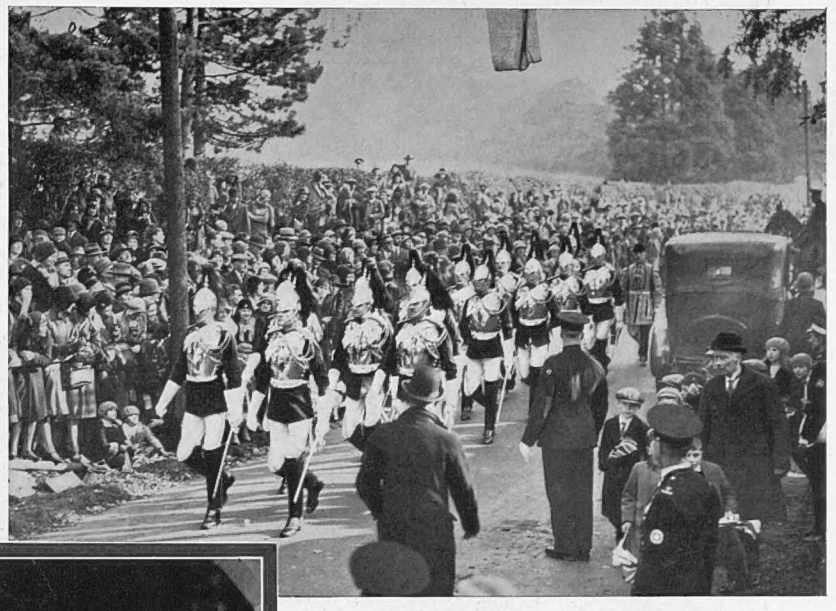
America One and Indivisible.—Here are some straws picked from the American Press. They throw a fierce light on the difficulties of government in that land of polyglots and compartments. *From New England:* "*Fortunately* we in New England know little about how serious conditions have been in numerous other parts of the United States." *From Los Angeles:* "There is nothing the President can do to relieve the situation wholly. To a very large extent the problem is an individual and local one."

THE OLD STAGER.

A ROYAL WEDDING in the COUNTRY



THE BRIDAL CAR : The Daimler, bearing Captain and Lady May Abel Smith from Balcombe Church to Brantridge Park Hall, where the reception was held, through a cheering crowd of 50,000



THE ESCORT : Members of the Royal Horse Guards (the Blues), the bridegroom's regiment, arrive to provide a brilliant guard of honour at the church door

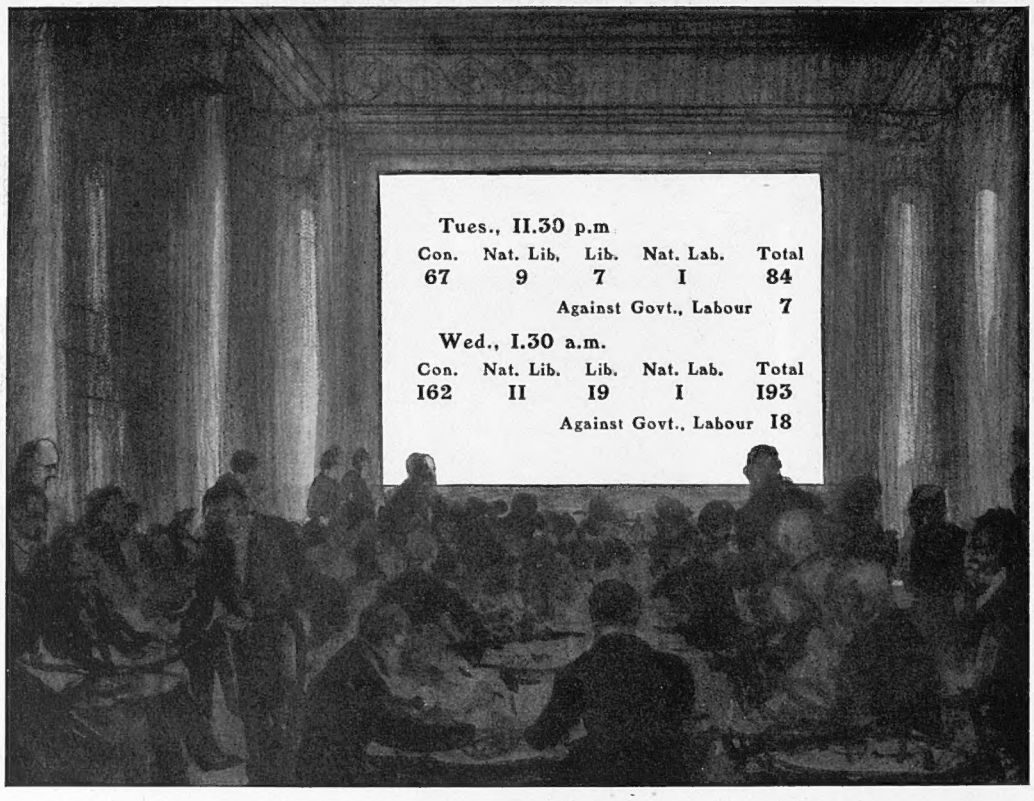
ROYAL VISITORS : The Duke and Duchess of York with Princess Elizabeth—who was one of the three bridal attendants of the blood royal—at the Cambridge–Abel Smith Balcombe wedding

THE QUEEN ARRIVES : Her Majesty with a herald in attendance. On right is Miss Rosemary Fraser—one of the bridal attendants

THE BRIDESMAIDS : Three royalties were among the bridal attendants of Lady May Cambridge, niece of the Queen, and daughter of the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone—Princess Elizabeth, Princess Ingrid of Sweden and Princess Sybilla of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha ; Lady Mary Cambridge and Lady Alice Scott were also among them. Inset above in centre *are seen the bride and groom—Lady May Cambridge and Captain H. Abel Smith, a member of the great banking family, and a kinsman of the Duke of Somerset and the family of Strathmore. The celebration of so exalted a wedding in a village church was quite unusual. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Carter, late Metropolitan of South Africa—a link with the beginning of the romance, for Captain Abel Smith was A.D.C. to the Earl of Athlone when he was Governor-General of South Africa*

The VOICE and th

Late Election Scenes from Ma



CLUBLAND WAS AGOG on Election night. Every club in the West End had its announcement screen and loud speaker. The great padded chairs, filled with keenly interested members, were all orientated to the visual and auditory broadcasts. In London the watching of the Election was an almost purely indoor function

THE TELLERS AT WORK: A general view of the coun on Tuesday night and Wednesday, took place at Lambeth Ba many gains over the Labour Party. In several constituencies reco

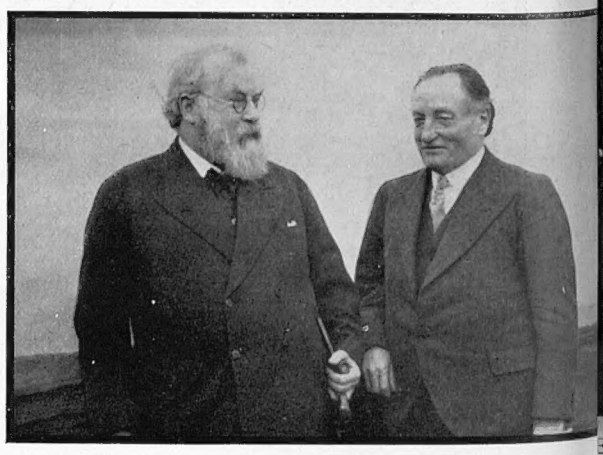
WASHING OUT A LABOUR MAJORITY! Sir Austen Chamberlain in unusually genial mood while canvassing at West Birmingham—which he won

"RETURNED" — WITH THANKS! Captain Euan Wallace, Hornsey, who increased his majority by between 300 and 400 per cent. over 1929

WOMEN IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT: *From le* Stoke-on-Trent from Sir Oswald Mosley; Mrs. Tate, who conq smith (North); Miss F. M. Graves, who "outed" Mr. He South Hackney; and Miss Irene Ward, who vanqu

AFTER THREE RECOUNTS Mrs. Norah Runge won th stronghold of the Reds, the Rotherhithe Division of Bermonds for the National cause. She defeated Mr. Ben Smith by 130 vo —having wiped out a 10,000 majority

ROBERT TAKES ON NEW DUTIES: A police constable at Leyton minds the babies while parents and nurses vote—proof positive, were it needed, of the keen interest taken by women in this vital election. While this officer is left to "hold the baby" the electorate made certain in a voice of thunder and an avalanche of votes that it would not be left in the same position

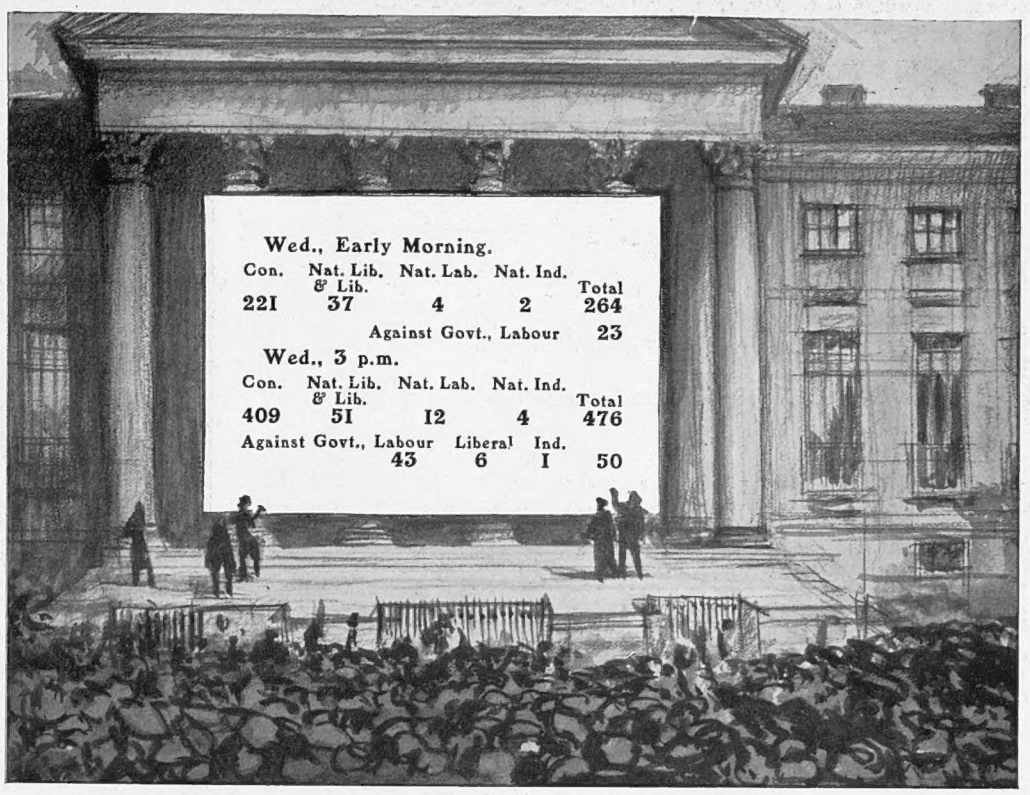


THE NOT SO DEAR (BUT VERY EXPENS who will not sit beneath Big Ben!). J. R. Clynes, "Uncle" Party machine, have fallen victims to the newly created MacDonald held Seaham by nearly 6,000.

CHOICE *of the* PEOPLE

Constituencies: "Ins" and "Outs"

the ballot. This picture, duplicated or paralleled all over the country ll three seats in Southwark were won by the Nationalists—three of the ere required — one having three and another having five checks



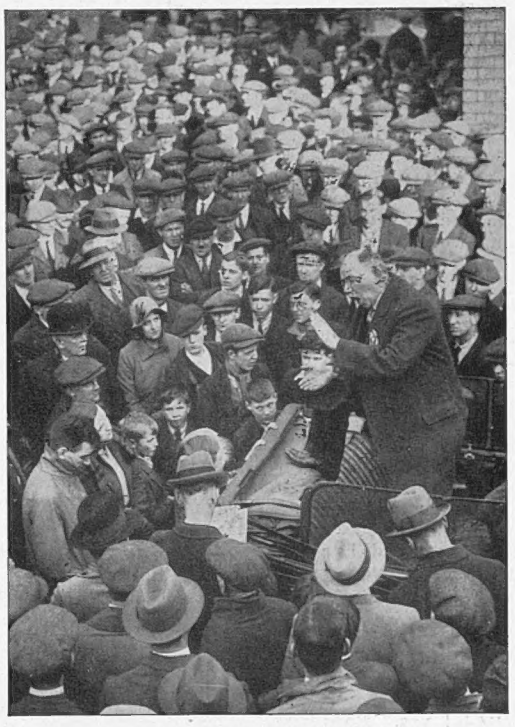
AS WE GO TO PRESS we show the above as they were recorded at mid-day on Wednesday. Figures from the distant counties came rolling in bearing the same message of victory for the National Government. Even Free Trade Manchester has rallied overwhelmingly to the National cause

ght, Miss Horsburgh, who won Dundee; Mrs. Copeland, who won Willesden (West); the Hon. Mary Pickford, who gained Hammer- Iorrison—the Minister of Transport who fell at the first fence!—at e first woman Cabinet Minister, Miss Bondfield, at Wallsend

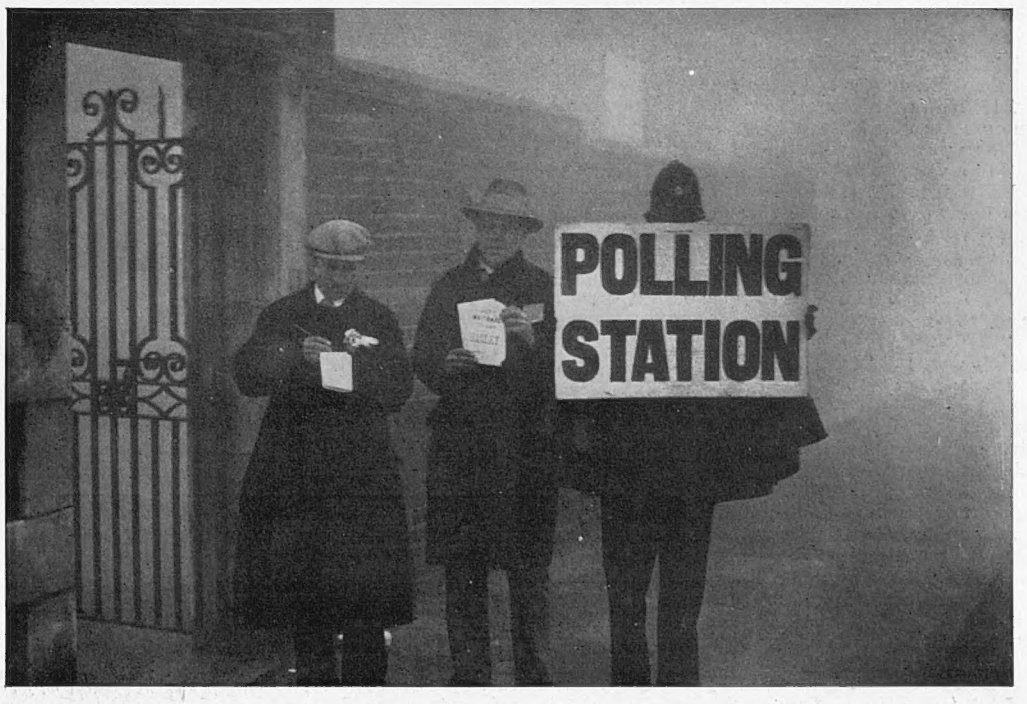
FRANCE WATCHES THE ELECTION: M. Chiappe, Prefect of the Paris Police, and M. Guichard, Director-General of the Sûreté, watch voters recording their decisions in the polling booth at St. George's, Whitechapel

EPARTED! Sir Ben Turner, Messrs. Ben Tillett (two "Big Bens" enderson, and William Graham), the mainstays of the Labour Awakened Nationalism that has swept the country. Mr. Ramsay oyd George retains his seat at Carnarvon

PATRIOTISM IS ENOUGH to defeat Mr. Arthur Henderson in his thirteenth election—a thesis proved by Admiral Campbell



DISMISSED BY HIS UNION, RETURNED BY HIS COUNTRY: Mr. J. H. Thomas annihilating Labour arguments at Derby



FOG DID NOT OBSCURE THE ISSUE! A police constable displays the polling station placard in the heavy fog that obscured the metropolis on Election day. This scene occurred at New Cross. As we go to press, the greatest majority recorded is that of Hendon, where Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister won by 51,000. The Stock Exchange, as we go to press, is quoting 400–450 National majorities

● The General Election, October, 1931 ●

ROUND LONDON in the DARK: A

The following is a first-hand impression of London on the eve of the Poll. It is the result of a peregrination through a large number of districts on Monday night

It was Election Eve in London, and it seemed uncannily quiet all along the Election front. The very absence of the excitements and the disturbances which commonly mark Election times was disturbing in itself. It was unaccustomed and somewhat baffling.

So I rang up one of the Chief Organizers of one of the Great Political Parties, and asked what all this menacing quietude meant.

"Yes," he said to me over the telephone, "it is quiet, isn't it? It's by far the most important General Election with which I've ever been connected, but in all my long experience it's the quietest on record."

"But why?" I pressed him.

"Why? Oh! I think that it's just because people have all made up their minds one way or the other.

"I think that everyone realizes that this Election is somehow different. That it's really a matter of life or death for this country. In a way the old Party cries and divisions have died out.

"The fight is really National or Anti-National. The queerest combinations are all rowing in the same boat. And the position is so truly desperate that everyone is in deadly earnest. Masses of people are going to vote this time who never voted before. People are working as they never worked before. Oh! yes, it may be quiet, but it's all very determined. Underneath the quiet it's grim."

Underneath the quiet it was grim, was it? I knew my man and I knew the authority with which he spoke. So I went out to see what could be discovered this Election Eve.

And—to employ a conveniently descriptive hunting term—to hit off the scent of the collective voter, I made a wide cast. I swept my questing nose in a vast semi-circle from Shoreditch to Whitechapel, from Stepney to Rotherhithe, and on in a great curve through Greenwich, Deptford, Peckham, Clapham, Wandsworth, Putney, and Fulham.

First stop, Shoreditch. I swung off the bus just short of what was once the old Britannia Theatre. It was all peaceful gloom. In the dark, alcoved doorway of a "modernized" milliner's a group of children were romping. I selected the eldest for interrogation.

"Excuse me," I said—you have to be polite in Shoreditch—"which way is your mother going to vote?"

She eyed me suspiciously with a piercing, forget-me-not-blue gaze. Then she came to the conclusion that I was merely a canvasser and softened.

"'Servative," she said.

"But why?" I persisted.

She grew cold again. "Because," she snapped, "mother says she's sick of dad's fancies—she wants vittols in the 'ouse and 'Servatives mean good times."

She resumed her romping. But I felt she had issued a message to the electorate. Out of the mouths of babes——

Up the road was a fruit stall, tended by a dark-eyed, lurking man.

"Who is the candidate in this division?" I asked him.

He stared. "No canned dates," he said. "I have apples, oranges, bananas. No canned dates."

"Are you a British citizen?" I demanded. His Italian origin was pretty obvious.

"Oh! yes. Born here."

"Are you going to vote?"

"Notta vote," he said. "Father, he Communist. Mother, she Lloyd George. My brother, Conservative. I, nothing. It is nothing to me. I sell fruit, I want beezness."

He rearranged a row of grape fruit.

I left this sturdy British citizen and settled on a buck-jumping tram through the dank depths of Spitalfields to Whitechapel.

I looked at the plump, rosy-gilled, cheery conductor. "And which way are you going to vote?" I asked him.

He surveyed me with the masterly aplomb of an experienced policeman.

"In a way," he said sententiously, "I am a public official."

He tapped his ticket punch and glanced down the tram. Following his gaze I saw that a double row of dark, sullen, foreign faces were eyeing me intently.

"So you see, sir," he added, "I don't hold with expressing my political opinions while on duty."

I apologized. But as I stepped off at the corner of the Whitechapel Road he leaned towards me.

"If you want to know," he said, "then, for your private information, you needn't worry about *me*. I'm True Blue, I am."

He rang the bell.

Round the corner of the Whitechapel Road was a blaze of lights. "Here, I thought, is a meeting." But, no. It was merely Lunar Park—a vast Fun Fair filled with dark-eyed, vermilion-lipped young women, and their attendant, ardent, black-necked swains.

I cut through a network of streets which I knew would lead me into the Commercial Road. Behind the slab of a poverty-stricken little fish-shop loomed the vast, dull, solemn, sordid figure of a Whitechapel fish-wife. She was ponderous and old.

I bought a herring. "And which way are *you* voting?" I asked.

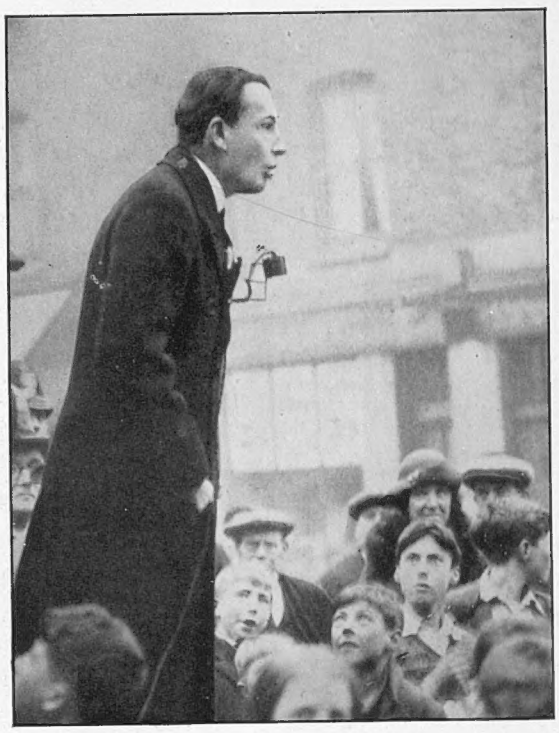
A dark and sad suspicion clouded her mottled face. On arthritic legs she lurched out on to the pavement. "Dell me," she said, handing me the herring I had bought, "de ballottt was zecret, yes?"

I assured her.

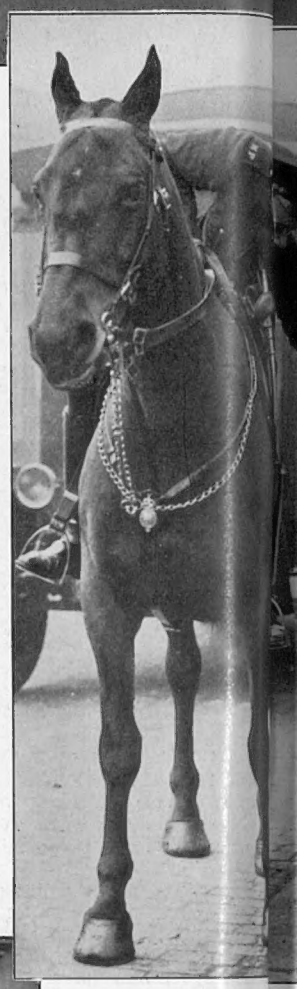
"Den I vote. But I not dell you. Duppence bleeze."

I left this citizen of no mean Empire and plunged eastwards. But as far east as Stepney Station no fierce political passions barred my way. It was nine o'clock, and the 'bus which bore me through Rotherhithe tunnel was the only vehicle ploughing its way through that almost endless sub-aqueous corridor.

There was only one other passenger besides myself—a stout comfortable fellow with spectacles.



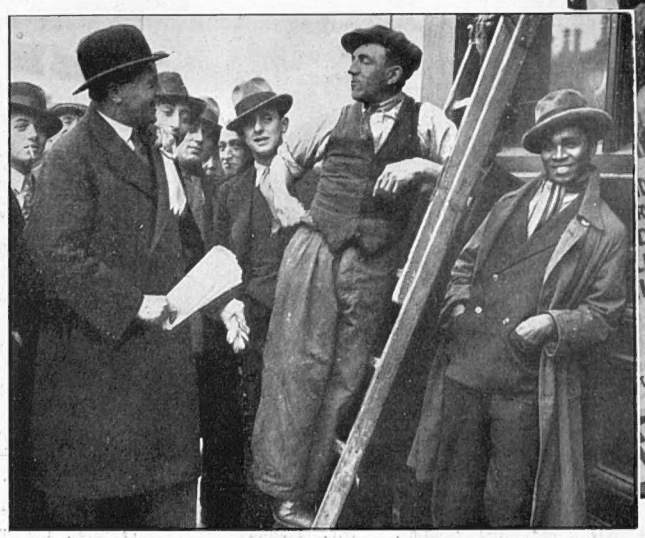
USING AN AMPLIFIER: Lord Borodale, son of Admiral Earl Beatty, speaking at an open-air meeting in Peckham. He has much of his father's charm.



CANVASSING FA... Janner, the son of Nat... for Whitechapel, a... Electi...

CHAIRED AND CHEERED: Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., Conservative Candidate for North-west Camberwell, borne round the constituency by stage and film stars in medieval costume

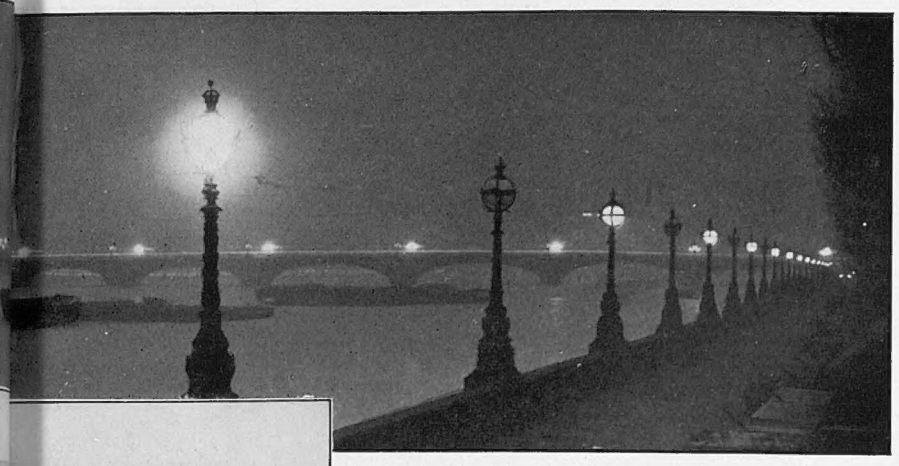
THE APPEAL... Hon. Catherine... rence, the daug... rence, cand...



A PRESCRIPTION OF HEALTH: Dr. W. J. O'Donovan, N.C. Candidate for Stepney, genially meets a question

A Special Eve-of-the-Poll Impression :

By "The Sphere's" Commissioner
W. HOLT-WHITE



FATHER : Master Greville National Liberal Candidate a mounted policeman with literature

IN A STRONGHOLD OF THE REDS : Mrs. Runge, Conservative Candidate for the Rotherhithe Division of Bermondsey, canvassing at the last minute in Albion Street Market

STEPS TO SUCCESS : Sir Henry Jackson, Conservative Candidate for Wandsworth, addresses a meeting of woman voters at the Wiseton Church Institute just before the Election

PATRIOTISM : The Hon. Sara Law- of Lord and Lady Law- in East Ham

AT EPPING : Mr. Winston Churchill, one of the most dynamic personalities in modern politics, speaking on Monday

"What's going to happen down here?" I asked.

At once he grew suspicious. "Oh," he said darkly, and looked round to see if he were overheard, "they're all Labour down here."

And then he poured out a volume of statistics about the tunnel.

Rotherhithe. Outside the Swedish church was a small quiet meeting. In the rostrum, speaking on behalf of the National Conservative candidate Mrs. Runge, was a quiet, restful soul of a girl. She was soberly clad, as befitted that district, but she had a charming manner of speech and maintained complete control over the small gathering.

All round, Rotherhithe loomed so dark as to be almost imperceptible. On the edge of the small crowd, superbly detached, were two god-like policemen. In the small crowd were dockers. And, technically speaking, they "heckled" the young woman in the rostrum. But "heckling" is too harsh a word for their gentle questionings.

A rough-stuff looking customer surged almost quietly forward. He lifted his cap slightly but politely and said, "Excuse me, Miss, but if you would allow me I would like to ask ——"

And the girl craned over to listen and gave an answer which set the knot of people laughing.

Then another docker, hard and lean and white faced, pressed to the front.

He lifted a great, knarled finger to the peak of his cap and said, "Pardon, Miss, but I would like to know ——

And this time—it was a local point—he had her cornered, and the little crowd laughed with him.

At the same time I would like to put on record that if these men are representative of their type, then the dockers of Rotherhithe are very perfect knights and gentlemen.

Bermondsey next. And "Bermondsey boys are never Beaten." It's here, too, that the red flag flies. But though it was only just past nine o'clock Bermondsey—"Reds" and all—seemed to be a-bed. Quiet? Bermondsey was almost as quiet as the grave.

So through the dark Surrey Docks, over the little humped bridge which spans the Creek, and into Greenwich. By comparison with the inky slumbers of Bermondsey Greenwich is almost gay. Gay and exciting. For here is a real, live Communist with a nice bright blue car plastered with canary-coloured posters. Anyone can see he is a Communist. He has the dark, passionate, wild sort of face which seems to be bred of Communism. He is surrounded by a small crowd with a bodygard of carefully staged, wan-faced children, and one gigantic and lusty, carmine-countenanced navvy who looks absurdly out of place. And it is obvious that he feels his position acutely.

The Communist orator—who incidentally is much better dressed than his audience—is in violent eruption against what he calls "Tyre-ants," and a class of person whom he denounces as "Cossacks."

The latter taunt is clearly for the benefit of a nice, fresh-faced young constable who represents a despised and loathed "Law and Order" at a tactful distance. He is blushingly diverted. He's a scream this Communist—"*not 'arf!*" That's Greenwich.

Deptford High Street provides small entertainment, but at Peckham things begin to liven up, and at Camberwell Green the Conservative candidate, Mr. J. D. Cassells, K.C., is providing a first-rate show. A real hot-stuff orator, flood-lit, and fortified by an amplifier—an amplifier which could be relied on to shout down any objections. There were lots of objections. But the amplifier won every time.

Here, thought I, politics at last run high. I will seek a tavern and learn the public mind.

So I sought a tavern, a large, brilliant tavern. With endless notices which said "Betting and the passing of betting slips is strictly prohibited." And they may have been justified for all I could learn of the public mind here was its reactions to the Cambridgeshire.

And now I must hurry on. And all I can say of the rest of my tour is that at Clapham, Wandsworth, and Putney there was—"Nothing doing." Nothing but an awful suburban darkness and silence which may be and like enough is, "grim" underneath.

But Fulham. Ah! I shan't forget Fulham because it was there that I met the true Englishman.

Beneath a tarpaulin cover he was presiding like a deity over a charcoal fire. The glow from the brazier illumined his rugged face.

I peeped in at him. "Sorry," I said, "but I must do my duty. Which way are you going to vote?"

He removed his pipe from his jagged teeth and stared at me in astonishment.

"Which way am I going to wote?" Yes, he said "wote."

He echoed my enquiry in a thunderous whisper.

"Why, I'm not going to wote at all. What's the use? I reckon they're all all right. The Conservatives are all right. The Liberals are all right, and the Labour chaps are really all right. So what's the use of worrying? They're all all right. So what's it matter? Wote? What difference will it make which way I wotes? So I shan't wote. Not me."

Heavens! I said to myself, this man just represents in concrete form the worst enemy we've got to fight—APATHY.

So I buckled to my task. "Man," said I, "don't you realize that this time the old country is really up against it? As one paper has neatly summed it up, it's now a question of 'Nation or Ruination.'"

That roused him. He struggled up from his seat and came at me lumberingly. He towered over me, a mighty figure of wrath.

"Are you one of they fools," he thundered, "that think old England's done? You're up the pole—that's what you are! Done! England's never done!"

He retired to his tarpaulin cover and, replacing his pipe between his strong yellow teeth, glared at me.

In a way it was a nasty jar. This complete and utter Englishman wasn't going to vote. But then I reviewed swiftly my passage through Stepney and Rotherhithe and Deptford and Peckham and the rest. All the people in all those places were going to vote.

My night watchman, the super-Englishman of Fulham, was just a survival of a blind indifference to urgent political needs that is to-day quite dead.

Stepney, Rotherhithe, Deptford, Camberwell, Clapham, etc., etc.

I glanced back again at all the people whom I had seen at all these places. And I endeavoured to envisage them as would the night watchman at Fulham. And looking at them in this way I realized that, with a few exceptions they all had good English faces. And thereby—to use the American "talkie" phrase—"I got the hunch" that they were going to vote "National." I agree with my ferocious and unpractical yet thoroughly English friend at Fulham—that "they're all all right."

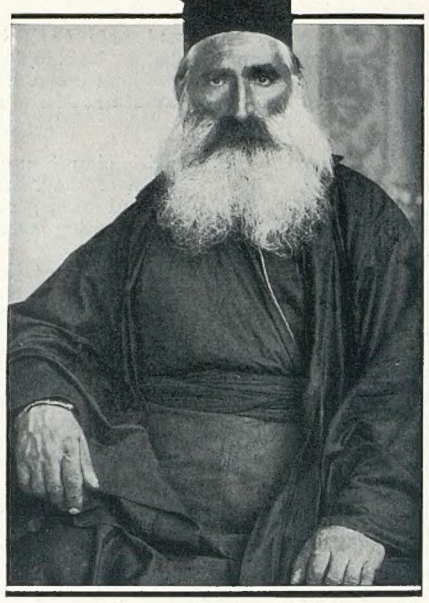
Amen!

The ORPHAN of the NEAR EAST

The British, the Cypriotes, and the Greeks

The incredible has happened. The Cypriot has revolted. With a black-robed priest at the head of a mob, with a cross to give his actions Divine sanction, with fiery words intoned into his ears by a man with the powers of saint, ruler, and democrat, the Cypriot has plunged to burning and plunder, attack, and mutilation, so serious as to bring the warships steaming and the soldiers tumbling fully armed out of troop-carrying aeroplanes.

Cyprus emerged suddenly into the maelstrom. The Mediterranean was churned suddenly by the screws of urgently-summoned battleships. The telegraph offices on the once placid island, surrounded by howling mobs, were ticking out news that set Whitehall humming for a few hours. The old familiar scare and hustle of official "precautionary measures" was known in the diplomatic circles of London.



OF THE ORTHODOX GREEK CHURCH: A typical priest in Cyprus

The Cypriotes, orphans of the Near East, were in the news. Describing themselves as "people of no-one's concern," they found themselves suddenly on the war map of nations. And through their parentless position they interested strangely many consulates, many naval headquarters, and many foreign offices.

The story of their namelessness is a curious one. They are Cypriotes and Britons in Cyprus. They are Italians in Rhodes. They are Londoners in London, all five hundred of them who serve your dinners in the big restaurants. They are Frenchmen in French Syria.

They are Greeks in Greece, and they are nothing at all in Egypt. Yet they talk of "our island." It is still "our island" to them, and a more loyal patriot than a Cypriot it is difficult to find. They are pressing for a union with Greece, but they have to recognise that it was their own Venizelos, hero of the Greeks, who said that the issue of "Cyprus for the Greater Greece" was now closed.

Cyprus has been the unwanted island. It was offered somewhat lightheartedly to Greece as an inducement to take a firm stand against the Turks during the War. The offer lapsed just as lightheartedly when that stand against the Eastern aggressor became more polite than firm. Lord Passfield spoke the view of the British Government in 1929 when he said the discussions in regard to its return to Greece were closed. Greece did not show any great anxiety for the island, via her spokesman, Venizelos. France chipped in pertly with a request that nothing should be done about Cyprus before consultations with Paris. And meanwhile the Cypriotes have been placidly producing the locust bean, the Greeks have been equally complacently producing money-lending profits, and the Armenians have been studying the lovely sunsets that set for their benefit.

The situation was all Greek to the British Government. Particularly was it a trifle difficult in regard to the Cypriot in Egypt. He was not an Egyptian. He was not a Cypriot. He was not a Briton, presumably liberty-loving, unless he left Egypt in the space of ten days. Three or four hundred of them preferred to be British in Cyprus than nothing at all in Egypt, and were given ten days to leave and nothing for their business connections. That was in 1927, and the position of the Cypriot in Egypt is thus described in a petition which was presented to the British Government by a prominent Greek Cypriot, now naturalised British, recently.

"The Egyptian Government seems to regard the Order in Council of 1927 as registering a final withdrawal of British protection — actual or potential — from the petitioners. At present they are no one's concern. There is no consulate charged with the duty of protecting them. Hence they are now being forced to join the Egyptian Army except under payment of a fine. . . ."

Another plaintive note is sounded. Under present circumstances a war in the Middle East might mean that Cypriotes in Cyprus would be fighting against Cypriotes settled in Egypt and the Sudan. Brothers and cousins and near relatives have gone in the course of business from Cyprus to Egypt and are in close commercial contact. The one side of the family is Cypriot with British passports, the other is Cypriot with no nationality, and only the responsibilities of being domiciled in an alien country.

"Cyprus is Greek," shout the 280,000 Greeks with the Bishop of Lanarca, Milonas, at their head. "Cyprus is British," shout back the 10,000 Armenians. "Cyprus is Ottoman," bellow the 45,000 Muslims. Meanwhile the locust beans are forgotten, and Sir Ronald Storrs bundles himself out of Government House and leaves his treasures to become ashes in the guttered remains.

No small man this Bishop of Lanarca, Milonas. Forty years of age, dark and dour, well built, and a fighter. He was the man to present a petition to the British Colonial Office on the rights of his parishioners, constituents, and followers. For a bishop in the Mediterranean Isle is lord over more than the souls of his flock. He debates for them in Parliament, and represents them in their politics. He has a power, equal to the past power of the Spanish priest. So in his black cassock he can be visualized, speaking words of fire as he harangues a usually calm, peace-loving community in the name of the sun-kissed island.

All the pomp of the old-time religions are round the persons of his estate in the Cypriot religion. The Archbishop signs his name in red ink, bearing Imperial privilege. He wears a crown, and his sceptre is rounded into a cone at the top like that of the past Emperors. He wears Imperial red robes, and when the Archbishops of Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople meet together, they must have with them in solemn conclave the Archbishop of Cyprus.

He is voted to his post, like a modern politician. He holds more sway over his people than many a Governor, for his is a temporal as well as a religious authority.

Perhaps, once roused, the fighting Bishop found his followers too passionate in their wrath. Scratching a Greek, he found a tiger. But he may well be excused for taking liberties; for the Cypriot, living in that sunny land where the earth gives up her fruits abundantly, finds life fairly easy, and can run his family on £100 a year, and is usually content to idle away at the domesticities of life, and reacts slowly to the urgencies of life into which complicated Near Eastern politics have thrust him.

Or rather, he used to live comfortably on a few acres. Just now he suffers as does every peasant. His locust beans brought £7 a ton two years ago, and there were 60,000 tons total exports out of Cyprus. Now they bring 55s. a ton, and the pound has depreciated. Also he is in the hands of the money-lenders, as his Near Eastern psychology dictates. And moneylenders are harsh in a radius so few miles from Palestine.

THE OFFICIAL SUMMER RESIDENCE: This is where Sir Ronald Storrs passes the summer months at Mount Troodos

So there has been a rich new trade in the smuggling of arms. There has been discontent among the poor. There have been those who have looked anxiously at Crete, which always seems so prosperous. There have come agitators, and there came the Jubilee of Cyprus in 1928, when the agitators had a field day and made the occasion one for fresh demands for a union with Greece and a secession from British rule.

Lastly, there came the angry cries of "Enosis!" on the lips of thousands, yelling for "Unity," the new cry of the malcontents. And now there have come the aeroplanes, terribly efficient to the sun-bathing Cypriot, and the warships suddenly found lying off-shore.

Vernon Blair

The NEW M.P.

Finds the House

A large number of men who have just been elected M.P. have never had their names adorned with these two coveted letters before. What happens to the new raw M.P.?

The first thing that happens on the polling figures being announced is a big surge of emotion.

During the counting of the votes he has been through the whole gamut between emotionally intoxicated hope and leaden gloom, and now he is lugged out to the front of the town hall, tired, feverish, elated, and a little hoarse, to say a few words of thanks to the teeming mob outside. From the moment he is elected his salary begins. Therefore in a contest it begins when the polling is over; if he has a walk-over it begins on nomination day. It is £400 a year less the economy cut of 10 per cent.

He was elected on Tuesday of this week and will be called upon to find his way to the House of Commons next week. The raw new M.P. may be divided into two classes, those who as visitors have been to the House of Commons many times beforehand to study it, and the other class of new raw M.P.'s comprises those who have never been to the House before and don't know the way in.

Let us take our new raw M.P. of this class. In some cases our new M.P. may have had an arrangement to meet one or more of the Parliamentary old-stagers at the Carlton Club, or other political rendezvous in London. In this case they will show him the way in and the way about. They will have told him probably, beforehand, a little about the 1,400 rooms, 100 staircases, eleven quadrangles, two miles of corridors, the bars, tea rooms, smoking-rooms, Ministers'-rooms, wine cellars, kitchens, lobbies, dining-rooms, libraries, committee courts, hairdressing saloons, and bathrooms, which make up the vast Palace of Westminster, but these will surprise him.

But on the other hand he may arrive alone. If he have any doubt as to how to get into the beautiful Gothic building, and how not to get lost when inside, he will soon be told, for at every entrance and in every corridor, at almost every angle of stone and carven wood he will be stopped by a policeman.

Probably it will not be long before he sees somebody who has helped or opposed him in the election, while the Sergeant-at-arms and his assistants, as well as the wonderful House of Commons policemen will soon show him the way about.

The policemen, who in most cases have been on duty at the House for a long time, never forget a face. They will have a big task this coming week, because a large number of the M.P.'s this time will be new ones. Courteous, experienced, quick-witted, and stalwart, the House of Commons policemen will be a ready help to the new M.P.'s

At last the new man will reach the exclusive Inner Lobby. Here the attendants, who, like the policemen, know every M.P. of the last Parliament and every ex-M.P. for a long way back, will conduct our new recruit to the swing doors which open from the Inner Lobby upon the Debating Chamber itself. He will now stand at "the Bar of the House," underneath the Strangers' Gallery. In front of him at the far end he will see the Speaker. Near the Speaker he will see the clerk who has been provided with a full list of the names of the Members elected and their constituencies. This is furnished by the Clerk of the Crown who has received the information from each local Returning Officer showing that So-and-So has been duly elected. The name of the elected Member is written by the Returning Officer on the original writ which he received from the Clerk of the Crown at the beginning. The Returning Officer has to return this writ to the Clerk of the Crown. That is how the new M.P. is identified. He could not get far if he were not the right man.

The new Member will be requested to walk the length of the floor of the House, present himself to the clerk at the table, sign the Roll of Parliament, and take the oath of allegiance. The words of the oath are shown to him on a large card.

When he has been sworn in the clerk will conduct him up to the foot of the Speaker's Chair and will introduce him, with his name and that of his constituency.

Whether he be our new raw recruit or an M.P. of twenty or thirty or forty years of parliamentary life, he will be introduced to the Speaker by the clerk in the same way. The whole place is full of surprises for the new Member, and if, say, the man just in front of him in the file of oath-takers is the Conservative leader, he will have a surprise in hearing the clerk go to the side of Mr. Speaker's Chair and call out in clear tones, "Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Sir, Bewdley Division of Worcestershire."

The new M.P. will proceed with like introduction, shake hands with the First Commoner (the Speaker), and will pass out into a passage which is between the Debating Chamber and the rooms of the Prime Minister and other members of the Cabinet.

He is now fully an M.P., entitled to speak and —which is, perhaps, more important—vote.

Charles T. King

REVEALING *the* HISTORY *of a Lost* HINDU *State*

A MONUMENT OF A FORGOTTEN EMPIRE: The huge monolithic trough recently unearthed at Vijayanagar, a ruined city in the Bellary district of the Madras Presidency, which from the XIV to the XVI century was the capital of a very powerful but now vanished Hindu State. What the trough was used for is a mystery. It may have served to collect blood during sacrificial ceremonies

THE OLD HINDU TEMPLE AT VIJAYANAGAR (HAMPI): Vijayanagar, the ruined "City of Victory" in Southern India, from 1336 to 1565 formed a bulwark against the Muhammadan invasion from the north. The kingdom came to an end in 1565 when the country was overwhelmed by the confederate Sultans of Bijapur, Ahmadnagar, and Golconda, since when the city has remained a wilderness of immense ruins which are now conserved by the British Government

From a correspondent come two remarkable pictures illustrating the culture of a powerful but now vanished Hindu State in Southern India. The upper view shows a really remarkable piece of stone-masonry which has recently been unearthed. A cutting of such a trough would be a credit to masons of any age. The length of the monolith can be gauged from the figure seated upon one of its sides. A considerable amount of archæological work has been proceeding of late in India, where scientific work of this description is not hampered as it is in other parts of Asia at the present time. Details concerning the lost civilization of the Indus at Mohenjo-daro are to be made public very shortly, and are awaited by students of the history of India with keen interest.

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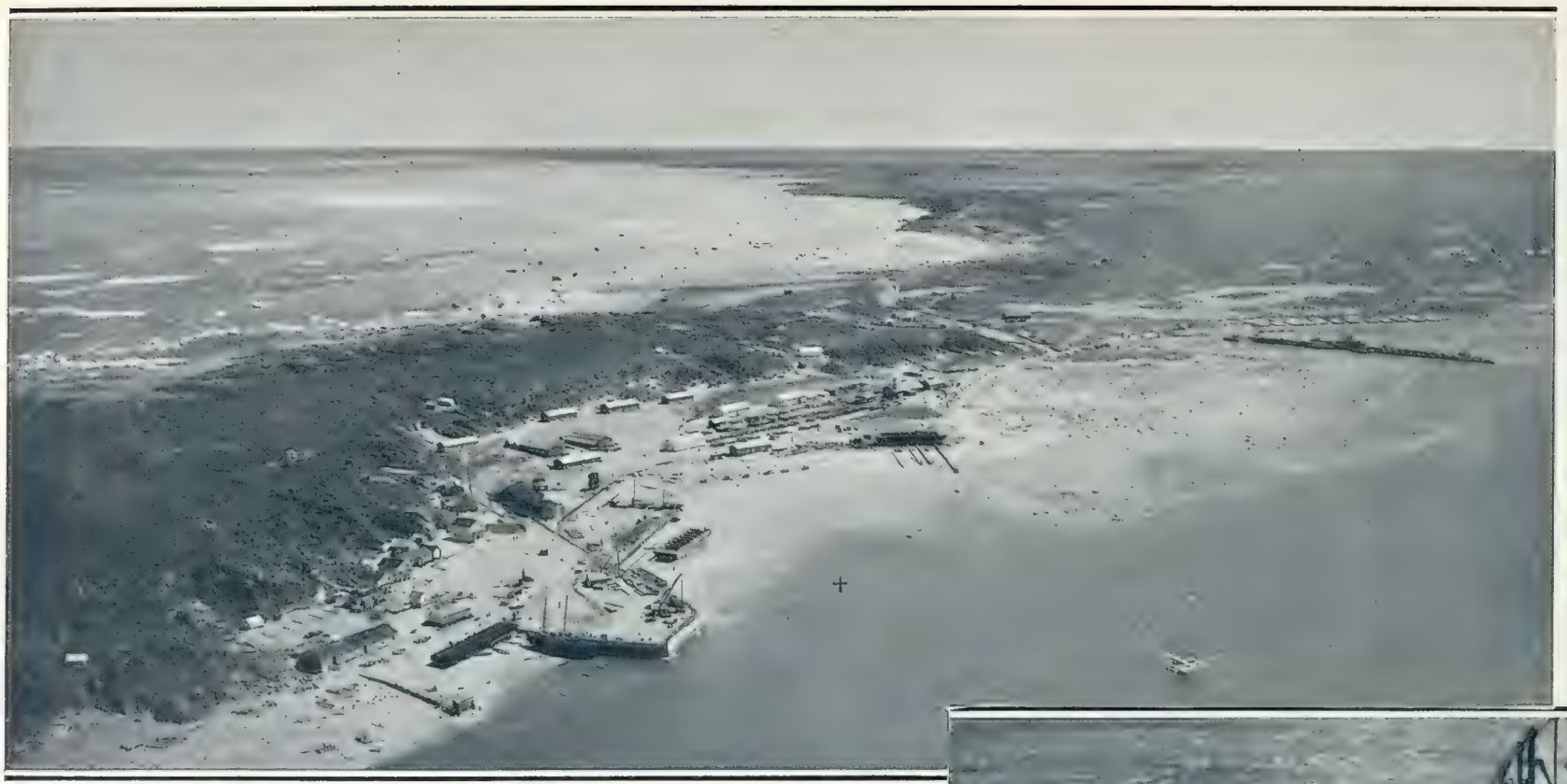


CHURCHILL: The Terminus of the Hudson Bay Railway, the newly-created port in Northern Canada. Note the ice on the bay at the back of the new harbour works

The ARCTIC *goes* MODERN

A first Detailed Description of Churchill, the New Grain Port in Northern Canada, whose Creation has been at once an Adventure and a High Imperial Enterprise

By PHILIP GODSELL

With ocean shipping leaving Port Churchill on Hudson Bay this month with wheat cargoes for Great Britain, a 400-year-old dream of a sub-arctic trade route across the roof of the world to Europe, eliminating 1,000 extra miles of land travel, became an accomplished fact. To-day these last happy hunting grounds of Indians and Eskimos resound to the rat-tat of miners' drills and pile drivers, the sirens of tug-boats, and the whistles of freight-engines. For western Canada and north-western America now have a new route to and from the marts of the world. This will bring the grain fields of the north-west almost to the front doors of consuming countries and remove the long-distance rail haul which has been an almost insuperable barrier to profitable export.

The sky-line on the west bank of Churchill Harbour, which until recently was broken only by an occasional Eskimo snow-house or skin tent was, in June, almost as it had been for 10,000 years. Now, three months later, a massive power house and one of the largest grain elevators in the world tower impressively into the northern skies, a tribute to the skill and speed of modern engineering. The white whales or porpoises which frequent the harbour in large shoals, now make way for modern dredgers and trawlers which are opening up the harbour in readiness for the ocean freighters due to arrive for the first cargoes over this northern route through Hudson Straits very soon.

The imagination and enterprise of man have seldom been so strikingly exemplified as in the creation of this world port and future city within the shadow of the Arctic, an area which was only a few years ago merely the hunting grounds of Eskimo and Indian trappers. The enterprise will open hundreds of thousands of square miles of northern territory, much of which has never been trodden by the foot of man.

Apart from the mineral and other possibilities of this huge territory there is also a vast fur trade which has furnished the Hudson Bay Company in the past with many million dollars' worth of valuable pelts annually, which were shipped to London by their supply vessels. Thirty years ago, a far-sighted trader named William Beach, to the vast amusement of old traders and mounted policemen, squatted at Churchill, almost on the site now occupied by the buildings with the expectation of one day converting it into a town site. Though his homestead was expropriated Mr. Beach's expectations are now in a fair way of being fulfilled.

This town site is owned by the Manitoba Government and land can be obtained only on lease. It is located on high, rocky ground, and much work has been done in blasting and levelling the granite rock and filling in the muskegs, large draining works also having been completed. Streets, parks, and boulevards have already been laid out and named in honour of historical characters connected with the early fights and discoveries round Churchill; but so far the only buildings on the site apart from the power-house, elevator, round-house, and workmen's buildings, are a mission church and a number of small-frame bank buildings, open only in the summer time. Great care has been taken to prevent the public getting into Churchill before the work had been completed, and anyone desiring to enter must first obtain a permit.

Consequently, no provision has so far been made to accommodate the stranger or casual traveller at Churchill. There are no restaurants, no hotels, and no stores (excepting those operated for workers by the construction company), and one has to depend entirely on hospitable local residents, or cooks in the camps for food and a place to stretch one's bed-roll. Eight hundred and fifty men are fed three times daily in the excellently equipped kitchens and mess-rooms of the elevator construction company. The splendid meals, the spotless floors, tables, and kitchens are remarked upon by all who have had the good fortune to dine there.

All the bunk-houses, recreation-rooms, and other places for housing the men are neat, orderly, well-constructed, and organized with the precision of a military barracks. Only six white women, wives of missionaries and officials, have so far been allowed into Churchill. Modern fashions, however, soon find their way to the remote places of the earth, and up-to-date beach pyjamas are already seen to the outraged astonishment of the skin-clad natives.

Bootleggers have looked with envious eyes upon the large pay-roll at this point, and have made one or two attempts to get in, but with a distinct lack of success. Each train is closely watched for shipments of illicit liquor. One bootlegger, more adventurous than the others, did manage to unload a consignment a hundred miles from Churchill on the banks of the Nelson River. This he conveyed down stream by canoe, intending to get round to Churchill by the water route from Port Nelson along the coast. Unfortunately, the "moccasin telegram" carried the news ahead to the sergeant-in-charge, and the mounted police boat anchored out in the current at Port Nelson in the hope of sighting the expected arrival. The bootlegger's engine broke down, and his canoe drifted right into the waiting police boat. The liquor was seized and destroyed, and both men were arrested and taken to The Pas to stand trial.

In order to cope with the construction programme at the terminus, over fifteen miles of track have been laid, and "dinky" engines are incessantly running here, there, and everywhere. The pedestrian who must walk the tracks along the two-mile water front, between the temporary station and the departmental offices and harbour works, needs to keep wary both fore and aft as there are no traffic lights.

The immense 2,500,000 bushel elevator is by far the most interesting and impressive building, especially in view of the short space of time—practically seven weeks—engaged in the major construction work. Future possibilities were considered and it can be extended to carry 10,000,000 bushels later on if necessary. It is 600 ft. back from the face of the deep-water crib; is concrete, fireproof, and equipped with twenty-three spouts which make it possible to load three freighters simultaneously at the rate of 8,000 bushels per hour.

CLEARING THE WAY: A view taken from the decks of the new Canadian ice-breaker, Saurel, *the most modern vessel of her type. She can shatter ice 28 ft. thick, and make her way through the most dense of floes. She is engaged in keeping open the shipping lane of the St. Lawrence*

"THE FIRSTEST FRIEND"

WITH GOGGLE EYES FIXED ON MANCHURIA? Ume Maru, a Japanese spaniel, which was awarded two firsts and the best breed in the Toy Dog Association's Open Show at the Crystal Palace. A picture of Oriental dignity with that supercilious patricianism and stoicism characteristic of his breed. Miss May Tovey's champion sits in his basket like an impassive statesman awaiting in serene confidence news from the theatre of war that may yet prove a torch to a train of gunpowder

TRADITIONAL FOES ARE DEVOTED FRIENDS: The canine and feline pets of a Cornish vicarage point the moral to adorn such a tale as, say, "Romeo and Juliet." Anything more delicious than this unaffected affection has yet to be seen in the photographic records of the animal kingdom

"OH YEAH? SEZ YOU?!" A Sealyham registers eloquent incredulity to the clicking speech of the camera shutter. To induce animals to pose takes a combination of opportunism and diplomacy rarely found

SYMBOLS OF THE ENTENTE CORDIALE: Mrs. H. L. Cochran's French bulldogs regard with interest the proceedings at the French Bulldog Club of England Members' Show at St. Marylebone Hall

A Tibetan TROJAN WAR: Border Fighting in Progress "All for the Love of a Lady"

Border Raids in Progress on the South-Chinese-Tibetan Frontier

GOVERNMENT TROOPS TO THE RESCUE: A scene at Bachi Pass, 11,500 ft. above sea-level. Two Tibetans can be seen watching the invaders' progress. *Inset* are wounded soldiers reaching the base, Tai-ling

ON GUARD: Members of the Lama's forces keep a sharp look-out for the invading Szechuenese from behind a knoll, what time a priest (the shaven figure holding a "rosary") prays for them. *Inset on left* are two very typical "warrior" faces. Fighting occurs only sporadically

A war has been raging for over six months between the Tibetans and Szechuen Government troops, and few have realized that a romance was the origin of this civil strife. History has been made over a lady's hand, many a life has been lost for a maid's beauty, and now the son of a Lama has plunged the mountains in blood because he sought for the possession of a "reigning queen."

A powerful chieftain in Tibet died some time ago leaving a daughter with much wealth and property. Her fame reached the ears of many possible suitors round the country, but few thought themselves worthy to ask for her hand. However, the son of a Lama, fortified by his power and wealth, thinking himself an eligible personage, despatched emissaries asking for her hand. Having other plans for her future, the heiress refused the offer, which angered the suitor to such an extent that he marched to her land with his band of armed followers. Being better equipped with arms and ammunition, the Lama won an easy victory, and the unfortunate heiress fled to the Chinese authorities at Ta Chien Lu for assistance, which was readily given. A company of Szechuen troops was despatched to Kantze.

From Ta Chien Lu, the Gateway of Tibet, to Kantze, is an eleven days' march over rugged mountain paths, snow peaks,

rapids, and dangerous passes. The Government troops armed with outworn native-made weapons, and lacking adequate supplies and ammunition, arrived at the "front" exhausted, and were entirely wiped out by the Lama's band, who knew every crevice of their own land, and had only to lie in wait for their foes.

Having annihilated the Government forces, and fearing vengeance, the leaders of the Lama's side called a truce between the Tibetan peasants (with whom they are usually at logger-heads) and themselves, declaring that they must all lay aside their grievances in order to fight the common foe. So started the actual Szechuen-Tibetan war.

News in the meanwhile reached the Chinese authorities of the loss of the expedition, and a regiment was despatched to the border.

Fighting took place, and in spite of all precautionary measures adopted against attack by the Tibetans, who were led by persons with a trace of military genius, the casualties were heavy on the Government side. Transportation was very slow, and as there were no field hospitals for the accommodation of the wounded, they had to be carried back to the Chinese city for medical treatment.

The feud is still being carried on with vacillating success.

THE BLESSING BEFORE DEPARTURE: Szechuenese troops in front of the Yellow Temple, Ta Chien Lu. The draping curtains are made from yaks' hair

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: General Chang Sheng Sze, Regimental Commander of the Szechuenese Tibet Frontier troops

THE CHURCH MILITANT: The troops engaged in the Tibetan-Chinese War on the frontier have spiritual consolation at all times, for their priests travel with them

WORLD AFFAIRS

A Caustic Causerie on Matters of International Import

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

THE DOOM OF DISARMAMENT.—With the World Disarmament Conference but three months away, only a miracle in politics can save it from being doomed to dismal failure even before it convenes in Geneva on February 2. The "miracle maker" is not yet anywhere in sight. Not even the shadow of one. Mr. Herbert Hoover, President of the United States, who wants to be re-elected next autumn, would be most happy to play that rôle. Present prospects are as gloomy as Mr. Woodrow Wilson's "making the world safe for democracy" has been disappointing.

Events looming, and sinister figures moving, in the shadowy background of the vast world stage already conspire against the Disarmament Conference. It has already been run hard and fast in the preliminary stages, and threatened to wreck on the rock of France's thesis of "security before disarmament." The Polish memorandum the other day was another blow at the Conference. The memorandum not only strongly seconded the French attitude but went even farther, declaring that the defeated nations in the world war—Germany, Austria, and Hungary — must be kept disarmed as rigorously provided in the Versailles Treaty and that, in view of her geographical position, Poland is not yet sufficiently armed!

That the peoples of Germany, Austria, and Hungary, numbering more than 70,000,000, geographically occupying the key position in the centre of the Continent, will voluntarily resign themselves forever to such inequality in national defence, is hardly conceivable. To continue to impose this inequality upon them means the employment of force and consequent continued unrest. Also the breaking of the solemn promise voluntarily made in the Versailles Treaty by the former Allies, that the disarmament of the vanquished was to be the beginning of general disarmament of the victors as well.

As if Europe is not offering enough barriers against success in the Disarmament Conference, Asia must suddenly reach out from the Far East to thrust the greatest obstacle of all into Geneva.

Japanese military operations in Manchuria—the Chinese call it "aggression" and "invasion"—came with a suddenness that stunned the League of Nations. The Assembly was in session at the very moment. All the safeguards against war in the League Covenant and Kellogg Pact turned out to be beautiful multi-coloured soap bubbles filled with words and speeches.

Angered by the League Council's action in inviting America, a non-member, over Japanese protest, to help the League out of its difficulty, Japan intimated the possibility of withdrawal from the League. This in itself would be sufficient to wreck the Disarmament Conference.

Someone struck the happy idea of the Kellogg Pact acting as a lightning conductor to take the curse from the League and letting it fall on the United States. That was quickly acted upon. At this writing, October 19, the League Council has shifted the Sino-Japanese conflict to the Kellogg Pact.

Despite its traditional policy of no foreign entanglements, and no meddling in affairs between other nations not in the Western hemisphere, America finds herself, twelve years after the close of the world war, precipitated into another foreign complication the end of which cannot be seen. Japan sees herself confronted by a line-up of the Western world headed by America, but by a Western world that will not be united should it come to action. What will Japan's answer be?

CHINA SPEAKS OF PEACE.—A letter from Dr. Chenting T. Wang, until the other day Foreign Minister of China, written to me in July, is of particular interest at this moment, reflecting as it does the highly-educated mind of perhaps the ablest statesman of that country. Dr. Wang comments on an article which I wrote for the June issue of the magazine, *Britannia and Eve*. The keynote was that, sad as it may be, humanity has not progressed spiritually to that point where it is possible as yet completely to eliminate wars from the lives of nations.

"You appear to lay stress on the aspect of war as a tonic for the human race, and therefore have marshalled together many facts in history to support your contention that mankind has progressed to the present extent more through the cleansing fires of conflict than in a state of peace. In this I find you are at one with that group of thinkers who maintain that many good things of our civilization, both spiritual and material, have been won 'with blood and iron,' instead of through organized and reasoned co-operation between the nations of the world.

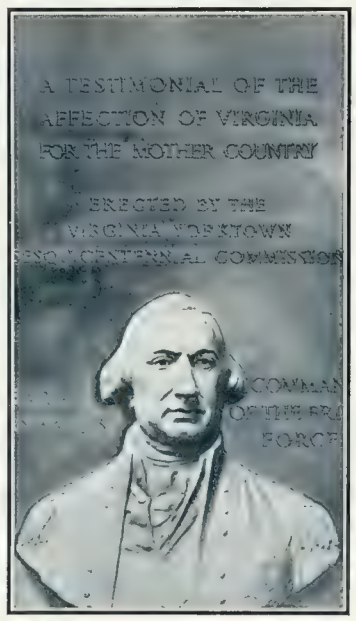
"With the horrors of the last war still vivid in man's memory, it is the natural desire of most people that the world should be spared another war-scourge, and should look elsewhere than to Mars for 'the whip-lash that has driven it on to progress.' The universal desire for peace does not mean that war can forthwith be abolished. Neither does it contradict your opinion that spiritually mankind is not so far advanced as to be capable of maintaining a lasting peace. The Paris Pact outlawing war, the Disarmament Conference, and the World Court are all steps forward. On the other hand, certain grim obstacles to peace are forced almost upon our daily attention.

"By some apparently well-informed journalists, Europe is pictured as living in the darkest hour of its history. The bristling defences erected in some European States, and their staggering loads of armaments, indeed do not bode well for the realization of a new world order based on international concord. As recently shown by Premier MacDonald in the House of Commons, despite all efforts towards disarmament, the different naval powers, except Great Britain, are actually spending much more on war preparations than during the pre-war period. And the more the world arms itself the greater will be the resultant tension.

"The greatest problem at present confronting humanity is how to live and progress in peace as it has hitherto progressed amidst strife and conflict. A way must be found to substitute in international relations, force with reason, strife with co-operation. . .

"Finally, I am in perfect agreement with you that 'lasting peace is inseparable from, and subject to, freedom, and that the world is not now free.' There are still some impossible treaties, the continued enforcement of which is being tenaciously insisted upon by some interested powers. In spite of the excellent provision in the League of Nations' Covenant for the reconsideration of treaties not compatible with the peace of the world, that instrument has several times been invoked, but unfortunately not even once applied. Consequently the fact should be emphasized, and re-emphasized, that before humanity can free itself from the enslavement of war, it is essential to tear down all barriers to international co-operation and re-state the relations of nations with one another in terms of absolute equality and mutual reciprocity."

ON VISITING TERMS: M. François Latour, the President of the City Council of Paris, welcomed on his visit to Germany by Dr. Sahm, Lord Mayor of Berlin



EARL CORNWALLIS, C.-in-C. of the British Forces in the War of Independence—a tablet by F William Sievers unveiled at Yorktown, Va., by the present Lord Cornwallis

GERMANY SPEAKS ON PEACE.—General von Seeckt, though retired, still the most notable military authority in Germany, commenting on the same article, writes me:

"War is no crime. It is the last, but justified means of defending the existence, the independence, and the honour of a nation. One can hope, one can strive that wars shall become fewer; but to exclude them wholly from the life of nations is not possible, for they follow the general law of life, and that is struggle and conflict between that which is and that which is coming into being.

"Every war, even the most fortunate, is a misfortune. No advantage can replace human life; but we cannot withdraw ourselves from misfortune and calamity in life. Of the fact that war is not only a destructive, but also a constructive and fructifying force, there can be no doubt.

"In the League of Nations I see an insurance agency for the victorious Allies and for the unjust and impossible treaties imposed by them."

THE DISCOVERER OF EDEN.—"In darkest Abyssinia is hidden the key to the riddle of the Genesis and the Creation," Frank E. Hayter wrote to me just before he disappeared from civilization for a couple of years, to return a few weeks ago, claiming the sensational discovery of one of the treasure mines of the Queen of Sheba.

From a mysterious cavern hidden in unexplored country some 320 miles west of Addis Ababa, Mr. Hayter has brought to England uncut rubies, diamonds, gems, platinum, gold, and tales of high adventure, enough to fill a much longer life than he has yet enjoyed. For Frank Hayter is still a young man, barely thirty, already known as "Abba Kwita" amongst the jungle-folk, with whom he declares he feels more at home than under a roof in civilization. "Abba Kwita" means "One who will do anything." He has already done most things. Son of a Dorset farmer, educated at Hereford High School, destined for politics, he found that life in England proved too uneventful for his dreams of Africa, jungles, cannibals, big game-hunting, and the call of the wild. His father, so he told me once, did not oppose his dangerous ambition to become a "professional hunter." His first commission was from the London Zoological Society to collect specimens in Gambia, West Africa, which served to strengthen his taste for life in the wilds. From that time on he turned his back to civilization, except for two years serving with the Palestine Police. But even police life in the Near East was not thrilling enough, so Frank Hayter resumed relations with the lions, leopards, crocodiles, snakes, and monkeys of the jungles, and natives as his sole human companions.

From time to time he sent me his news from points in Abyssinia, steady in his belief that the secret of man will one day be revealed as a result of great discoveries in that little-known country. He even claimed that he had discovered the site of the "Garden of Eden" and, by means of plans, photographs, maps, and a book he will write, that he will restore Paradise Lost to the twentieth century. In the meantime the young explorer, who claims to have found a hoard of the fantastic riches of the Queen of Sheba, has brought us proofs of his findings and is now preparing a book of his adventures which, for peril, hair-breadth escapes, thrill, and persistence, promise to rival the already classic yarns of *Trader Horn*.

NELSON'S RE-FITTING YARD AT ANTIGUA IN NEED OF REPAIR: There is a movement afoot to get some necessary repair work done to the old buildings at English Harbour, Antigua, the naval station where Nelson re-fitted before his final engagement with the French at Trafalgar. With the changes which ensued, this revictualling station fell into disuse, and the buildings have remained just as they were in Neslon's day—a relic of untouched eighteenth-century architecture. To all lovers of Nelson's story English Harbour proves a fascinating spot, and it is to be hoped that the buildings may be rescued from certain collapse

WINGS *o'er* LAND *and* SEA

BRITAIN'S LATEST R.A.F. AEROPLANE: A 30-seater twin-engined troop carrier is the latest machine to have been built for our air arm. It flies and climbs as fast as a light machine. The navigator sits in the nose which is hollow—the engine being placed on each side. Tests were made at Brooklands

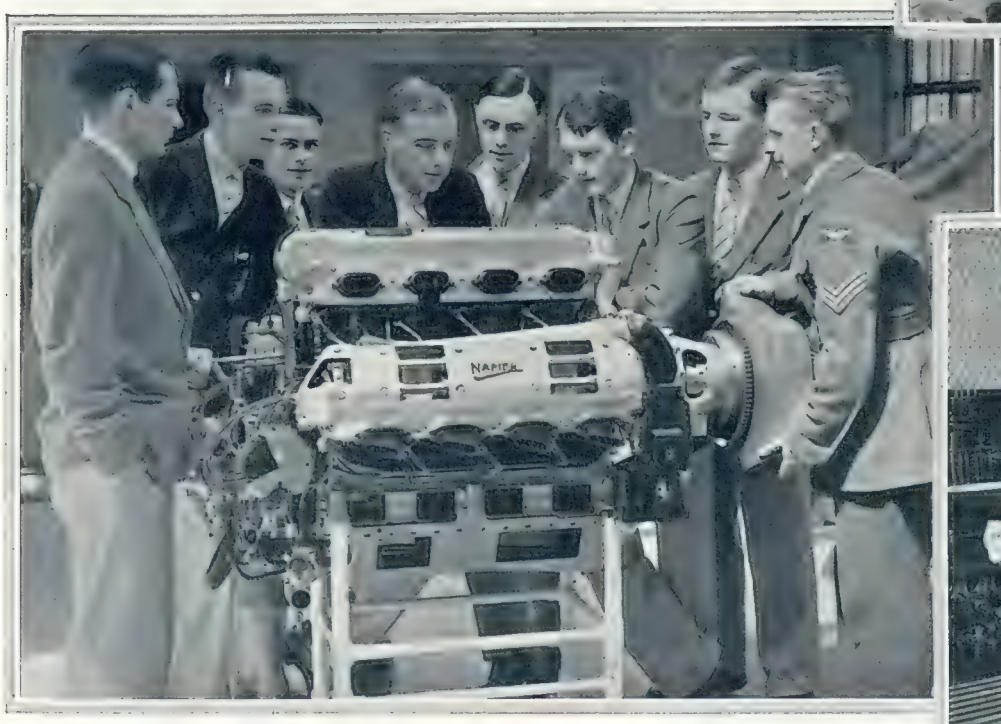
Ewing Galloway

THE USELESS MOORING MAST that surmounts the 102-storey Empire State Building, New York, is sought as a haven by a small dirigible, but to no purpose. No airship as yet has been able to anchor at this mast

Chas. E. Brown

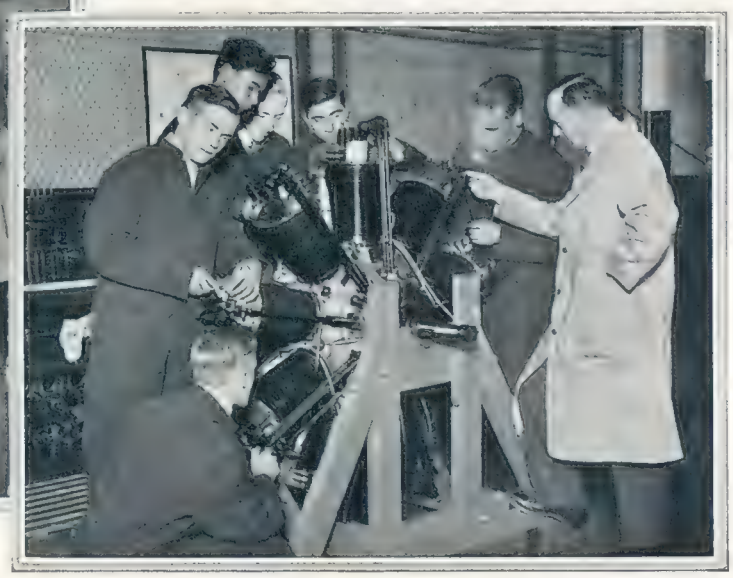
THE MOST INTERESTING FEATURE of the Cambridge University Air Squadron is the ingenious apparatus in the research laboratory for studying the air eddies round the surfaces of wings, etc., of aircraft. Sectional models are forced at high speed through a tank of water containing oil bubbles

THE CONQUEST OF THE PACIFIC: The monoplane of Clyde Pangborn and Hugh Herndon, the "round-the-world" flyers, after they were forced to crash their machine (having no under-carriage) at Wenatchee, Washington, after flying non-stop across the Pacific from Japan—a 4,500-mile flight. Both airmen, providentially, escaped scatheless



THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AIR SQUADRON: An R.A.F. sergeant explains to undergraduate members the technical intricacies of the Napier "Lion" engine

The lecture-rooms and laboratories of the C.U.A.S. are amongst the best equipped in the country. The staff of instructors is headed by Wing-Commander F. P. Don, R.A.F. There is also in the squadron a staff of airmen for the maintenance of aircraft, while the senior N.C.O.s also assist with demonstrations. Although controlled by the R.A.F., the squadron works in conjunction with the University authorities; membership is not limited to those who intend adopting the Air Force as a career.



A COLLEGE FOR AVIATION: The College of Aeronautical Engineering, the first of its kind in the British Empire, has been inaugurated in Chelsea. Training is provided for all branches of aviation. The first year's course is practical work beginning in the blacksmith's shop. Afterwards the course takes the pupil to Brooklands

MALAYAN FIRES

The Torrid Task of the British Planter in Malay when Clearing Jungle preparatory to Planting

By RALPH MacINERNY

THE BURN IN PROGRESS: It is dry, felled timber which blazes in this fashion—a belt of green virgin forest is left round as a protection to neighbouring properties

AFTER THE BURN: A ravine or gully in the cleared area. Large tree trunks will smoulder for weeks—the clearer ground is at once tackled and terraces formed and planted

From the top of Penang Hill on a clear day a fine view of the mainland is obtained; a wide, flat expanse of land in the foreground, chequered by light, emerald-green paddy fields and darker patches of rubber and coco-nut trees, stretches from the shining sea to the foot of hilly territory 40 to 60 miles away. There, mist and distance alter colours to a uniform blue-green shade, drab where "rubber" lies, deep and mysterious where the jungle stands, enticing and yet awful even under the dazzling sunshine. The wavy outline of the range of mountains which runs uninterruptedly from Siam to Singapore forms the background. Sometimes a thick column of smoke is perceived far away rising majestically to the ever-present clouds above, and the sightseer, making most of his brief sojourn on the island, ceases to wonder when his cicerone—one of the Penang "collar-and-tie" brigade, perhaps—explains casually that it is "just planters burning felled jungle preparatory to planting rubber."

"DEAR . . .

If the weather remains fine to-morrow we shall proceed with the burning of Block 4 after to-morrow, Wednesday. Rendezvous to-morrow at 3 p.m. at the office. We shall all go to the top of the new clearing so as to get acquainted with the ground and make our plans.

Let me know how many coolies with sufficient 'savvy' you can spare for this job.

Curry tiffin at my bungalow after the burn if it is a successful one.

Yours, . . .
(manager)."

Usually planters entrust Chinese contractors with the job of burning the jungle, which, felled some weeks previously, has been allowed to lie drying, and the same contractor undertakes to clear the land of all remaining timber below a certain diameter. So, if the burn has not been properly effected, that is, patches have escaped the flames, the contractor himself is the sufferer, for of course the job of clearing will be a heavier one. But John Chinaman is nothing if not a business man, and he makes one pay for the risk.

In the present instance, funds being low, we Europeans are going to effect the burn onrselves with the help of our Tamil coolies. It is a tough and sometimes dangerous task, but we shall thus save 50 cents per acre. That is not the coolies' main consideration; they will welcome this break from daily routine, and in any case an extra day's pay and a free bottle of palm toddy will prove a sufficient inducement.

In my case, only the fear of being openly accused of cold feet holds me back from pleading a sudden recurrence of malaria. I have seen the ground, and I do not like it. Block 4 is a rectangular 200-acre patch covering one-half of a big hill, the other half being still under jungle. Rubber-planted land borders three sides of the rectangle, separated from the area which will eventually be in flames by a belt of live jungle about a chain wide. The hill is shaped like a sugar-loaf, with ravines growing deeper and more rugged as they near the bottom, radiating from the top. There are five such ravines; providing the wind is not against us we shall divide into five parties composed of a European and about seven Tamil coolies each, and each party will work its way from the top downwards, starting fires on the way

I am uneasy. The going will be hard, particularly so for me. My party has been allotted the ravine in the centre of the new clearing; the slope there is very steep; from the start I shall have fires behind me as well as on both sides, so, if I am unlucky, my only way of escape will be right ahead through the thick entanglement of dry, thorny brushwood, under which lurk crevasses, jagged tree-stumps, and hard boulders, between the prone trunks of former jungle giants.

Ah well! . . .

It is at a time such as this, of course, that memories of club yarns and coolie gossip will keep recurring; one of the assistants on Sungei Puteh Estate was caught five years ago; and more recently, last year in fact, a coolie on the neighbouring plantation was also trapped. The lurid details are vivid in my mind; a leaping, frantic form, last seen, dimly, through smoke and flames.

Come on! this will never do.

"Bo-o-oy! Inoru whisky-soda kondu va."

It has not rained during the night; the blaze should be a good one. Even so, a few hours must be allowed for the heavy night dew to evaporate, and in the meantime we are busy attending to the last details. Fifty coolies or so are crowding in front of the factory, all busy telling each other what to do. Loudest of all shout the kanganies (foremen), for is not the manager present, and efficiency measured by the volume of sound one emits? Amid the apparent confusion, an orderly distribution is in progress. Every coolie receives a bag crammed full of rags dipped in kerosene and a brand made out of a bamboo—about 2 ft. long—and also filled with kerosene-soaked rags. The noise subsides while the men line up and their equipment is inspected by the manager. They are warned not to sling the string, which holds the bag across the chest, as they may need to get rid of their inflammable cargo in a hurry.

En route! In Indian file we march towards our objective—the top of the new clearing. Ahead are the Europeans, who for the occasion have discarded their usual shorts and stockings in favour of khaki slacks tucked into heavy boots. Then come the motley crowd, a succession of naked black torsos sandwiched between isabella-coloured loin- and head-cloths. We climb steadily under the thick canopy spread by ancient rubber trees.

A halt is called at the head of the clearing. Here the parties will separate. We sit for a breather and set our watches. Our hearts beat hard, but not only because of the recent climb; we talk and joke disjointedly, but at heart I know they all wish as I do that it were over.

"All right, chaps?" the manager calls out. "Well, good luck, and make it blaze!" He himself is going to watch operations from a distance and signal to us if necessary.

I and my little party wend our way to the top and thence down our ravine, about a third of the way down. It has taken us three-quarters of an hour to reach our appointed station through the maze of brush under a blazing sun. I, mainly, am the cause of such slow progress. My coolies, lithe and nimble, seem to glide through every obstacle, whereas I clamber and fall, constantly wrenching my clothes from the grasp of dead twigs and thorns. I am already tired, and God knows I shall want all my strength to reach the bottom of the ravine and safety.

Another ten minutes to go. Ten o'clock has been fixed as zero hour. I, having the shortest distance to cover, shall start to burn the last so as not to cut off the others who are starting from higher up the hill. My men have taken up their stations. They are slung half a chain apart, across the ravine, and the "wings," if they climbed a little higher, would be able to look over the ridge, which separates our ravine from its neighbours, at another party of coolies in similar formation. In fact, the various parties form a human belt round the crown of the hill.

It is two minutes past the time, and no sign of fire yet.

A shout goes up from my men. Smoke is rising on my left. Nothing on the right yet. I do not want to start yet as I might cut the fellows off on that side. What are they doing? At last! A thin wisp, hardly visible in the hot atmosphere, is discernible on the right. The suspense is at an end. The sense of oppression which has been weighing on me for two days falls from me like a cloak. A thick column of smoke, and even flames, appear above the ridge on my right. Almost boisterously I turn to my coolies and give the signal to start. Each man takes a rag from his bag, prods it under or in the middle of a conglomeration of dead brush and applies the flaming bamboo torch to it, then he repeats this operation on other likely spots as he walks and scrambles down the hill.

I forge my way as best I can a short distance ahead and keep my men in line. Flames and smoke are already rising thickly. An incessant crackling of tortured twigs fills the air. With amazing rapidity the flames grow in size and start climbing to the top of the hill. The heat is intense; I am wet through with perspiration. The air above the fire, rising rapidly, starts currents of air from the bottom of the hill upwards, till in the end a veritable gale is blowing fanning the flames, away from us, to even greater heights.

Methodically, the coolies work their way from one spot to another starting fresh fires with gusto. Even they are moved by the magnitude of the conflagration. They revel in it. They grin, in response to my shouts of encouragement, and often go back to fire a mass of brushwood temporarily overlooked.

Crashes like the firing of giant guns dominate from time to time. Dead trees which had not been felled are now brought down by the flames, throwing up showers of sparks and flames in their fall God! what a sight! The entire top of the hill is blazing; enormous flames shoot up and relapse with equal suddenness. I am struck all at once by the eerie appearance of all objects around me before realizing that a thick pall of smoke overhead has turned the sunlight red. Standing, perched on a tree stump, I wave in response to a cheery wave from the manager, hardly discernible on a hill beyond the jungle belt. He is pleased, I know, the burn is the best I have ever seen.

And so we near the bottom of the hill. There is little more to do. A sense of utter physical weariness overcomes me—oh! for a drink. The belt of jungle is close at hand and under its shelter flows a stream. The tangle of brush on this side of the ravine is impenetrable. The other side looks better; a tree trunk, lying athwart the ravine, will take me there. I start walking across cautiously, for my heavy boots are not designed for rope-dancing tricks. Half way over I stop and turn for a last look from this vantage point; the fire already is waning at the top of the hill, leaving it charred and black. Thick tree trunks are still burning and will go on burning for days. Ashes, light as feathers, descend like snow-flakes from the sky. Poor old jungle! Gone in smoke in a few hours. Nothing but bare ugliness where a short while back proud centenarian giants raised their heads over the vanquished, high in the life-giving light. Whatever ugliness existed formerly was screened by beautiful fronds.

The kangany is pointing to something in the flames a little way up the ravine; something moving, thick coils. . . . It is not smoke. It's a snake. No, two! Two enormous pythons, writhing in the last throes. Poor brutes! I have no love for them, but what a death! I watch until a burst of flame and smoke intervening hides the spectacle from view. The flames are getting too near and my thirst more insistent. I must move. A last effort, and I scramble through to the green jungle; I stumble along a shady path to the stream—only a small, shallow stream, but how cool and beautiful. Avidly I drink and sprinkle water over my burning face, neck, and arms. I am covered in grime and scratches, and so tired. Half conscious, I roll over on to my back in the middle of the stream and close my eyes.

WINTER SPORT on British Hills

Scenes in Scotland which Give a Foretaste of Possibilities

CLIMBING A SNOW SLOPE ON BEN NEVIS: The upper slopes of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Scotland, are often very cold in summer; in winter they soon become enveloped in a thick mantle of snow, portions of which linger right through to the summer in hollows on the precipice face

FIRST SNOW FALLS IN ROSS-SHIRE: This picture gives a good idea of the first fall of snow upon a rounded mountain height in Ross-shire. At the beginning of this week snow was 3 in. deep in Strathspey and Upper Banffshire

THE SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS IN WINTER SNOW: This view will give an idea of what may be found on Scotland's highest peak in mid-winter

SNOW ON THE HIGH GROUND BEYOND RANNOCH MOOR: A Scottish stream boiling across the moor, its waters brown with peat, seen from highest point on L.N.E.R. This high ground of Western Scotland is almost invariably covered with snow from an early date. The Tomintoul road is reported blocked with snow

Enthusiasts for winter sport who are determined to find it in the British Isles this winter if conditions are at all favourable, are looking to the high places of Scotland as likely sports grounds, and with any luck they will not be disappointed. The northern hotel proprietors have already got together and have discussed the financial possibilities of catering for winter sportsmen and women. There are districts in Scotland where snow always lies during the winter months and technical examination is now needed to determine where sports conditions are likely to be possible. Further details will be given when these are available.

PACHYDERM

Special Pictures Taken by Si

Vast herds of elephant are seen roaming in hundreds over the great Sud swamp area of Southern Sudan. They remain safe from man, because the swamp is impassable, and it is the refuge of the elephant during the day, and during the night they come out of the swamp on to land to feed. The complete herd in this district numbers over 1,000, and Imperial Airways machines, *en route* for Central Africa, invariably pass over one of the many herds such as those shown in these two pictures

Some of the vast schools of hippopotami on the Ruchuru River down which we flew from the Land of the Dead Volcanoes, into Lake Edward. This country is being reserved by the Belgian authorities and they can now wander about without being touched by man. This was the first time an aeroplane had ever flown over this district

MATOUS MONSTERS Seen from the AIR

by Sir Alan Cobham During his Recent Flight Over Africa — Elephant in a Natural Marshland Preserve

The Short Bristol Twin Float 'plane on a flight to Central Africa flew low over the elephants, swooping down upon them. They could not run away being impeded by the swamp, which, in the normal course, provides them at once with shelter and coolness

The pictures on this page and the notes beneath them both emanate from that Imperial aviator and pioneer of the air-routes of the Empire, Sir Alan Cobham

Strange ADVENTURES of AIRMEN in AFRICA

'Planes Attacked by Lions and Smashed by Birds

By LAWRENCE G. GREEN

A BIG VICKERS NAPIER VICTORIA TROOP CARRIER landing at Maitland Aerodrome, Cape Town, with Table Mountain in the background. Some brilliant aircraft photographic work will be found on the preceding pages

CAPE TOWN.

Bold men and women have been roaring down the great African air trail for eleven years now, and each machine has brought a fresh tale of adventure to Cape Town.

I have met nearly all of these determined pilots and their passengers — South Africans, Americans, English knights and ladies of the air (like Sir Alan Cobham and Lady Bailey), stolid Hollanders, fast flying French and Italian soldiers, and one tough Swiss.

In modern air liners, in military bombing 'planes, in metal flying-boats, seaplanes, and tiny single-seaters they have come. The purple mass of Table Mountain, their landmark at the end of the long airway, has attracted the daring flyers of many nations over deserts and swamps, tropical forests, and mysterious mountains.

A cable from East Africa the other day reminded me of stories I had heard from these famous adventurers of the air. A German machine was attacked by a lion, which damaged a wing, and afterwards by a rhinoceros, which charged the passengers' cockpit and injured the man inside. Another machine in the expedition was destroyed by a cyclone.

These incidents are examples of the peculiar dangers of African flying which scores of pilots are facing every day. Even the sun is an enemy. While Lady Heath was steering northwards from Johannesburg to Buluwayo she felt sudden pains in the back of the neck. She remembers shutting off her engine and putting the nose of the machine down. Instinct must have guided her in making her landing; for by the time her machine was bumping through the long grass she had lost consciousness. Sunstroke! She awoke in a hut to find natives pouring milk down her throat.

Snakes, which often mean death on the ground, are sometimes encountered in mid-air. Captain Davenport, air mail pilot, on the run between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, once killed a large snake in the fuselage of his machine. It must have travelled hundreds of miles with him.

In East Africa an airman had just left the ground when a swarm of bees, alarmed by the roar of the engines, emerged from beneath the cowling. Several of them stung the badly-frightened pilot.

Birds have wrecked many machines. A pilot who flew over the salt lake at Nakuru, Kenya, told me that a flock of flamingoes rose "like a pink and white cloud" in front of his machine; and he was only just able to stagger down to the nearest landing ground. The flamingoes, caught in the wires of his machine, had jammed the controls.

Then there was the terrifying experience of Major Allister Miller, one of the best-known South African pilots. His propeller was shattered by striking a seagull over Delagoa Bay, and he was forced to descend on to the water. Major Miller was saved before the sharks reached him.

When Sir Alan Cobham was cruising round the Victoria Falls, enjoying a new view of Africa's greatest spectacle, the spray—or "sounding smoke" as the natives call it—enveloped the machine. Moisture penetrated the carburetter, and for a moment the engine hesitated. For some desperate seconds it seemed that Cobham and his companions would plunge to death in the "Devil's Cataract" or "Boiling Pot" below the Falls. Then the engine note roared out steadily again. "It was a near thing—a lesson for other pilots," Cobham told me.

There are still territories in Africa where a pilot forced to land may be murdered by hostile tribesmen. Some of the warlike Sudanese have not yet been tamed. In West Africa the French air mail pilots pass over stretches of the Sahara where lurking Arabs have captured airmen, killing some and holding others to ransom.

Other stretches of desert are dangerous because there is little hope of finding a lost airman in the waste of burning sand. A camel police patrol in South-West Africa some time ago discovered the fragments of an old type of German machine half buried in the sand; and close by, the skeleton of the pilot. At the outbreak of the Great War there were several military machines in this former German Colony. This was one of them—an old mystery explained at last.

"Dust devils" have killed several airmen in Africa. A South African Air Force machine was caught in one of these whirling pillars of dust recently, just as it was about to land at a village in the Orange Free State. Both the pilot and observer were killed.

Belgian pilots on the Elisabethville-Boma airway used to fly in constant dread of losing their propellers. The steamy Congo heat played havoc with the three-ply wood and glue, and many forced landings in the remote jungle were traced to this cause. Now metal propellers have solved the difficulty.

In Egypt, locusts have brought airmen down. A few locusts drawn into the air intake pipe are enough to stop the engine. Nevertheless, aeroplanes are occasionally sent up, both in North and South Africa, to destroy swarms of locusts. The pilots wait until the swarms have settled on the ground and then fly over them, scattering poisonous chemicals.

For several years a "diamond air mail" has been running between the State diggings at the mouth of the Orange River and Cape Town. Aeroplanes are used by the police to patrol that treasure ground; for diamond poachers are active, and the area is so vast that the rich, remote coast could not be protected in any other way—except by an army.

On the South African coast, too, repeated attempts have been made to locate the wreck of the *Waratah*—the passenger liner which disappeared with all hands twenty years ago between Durban and East London. Several wrecks were cited; but the *Waratah* has never been positively identified.

It is interesting to discover the fate of some of the aeroplanes that have made history on African airways. In 1920, for example, two British pilots named Broome and Cockerell set out in a Vickers biplane on a pioneer flight from Cairo to the Cape. They crashed at Tabora in Tanganyika, and abandoned the large machine in the jungle. The settlers salvaged it and turned the fuselage into a neat saloon bar, while the undamaged wings formed a cool veranda.

Aeroplanes were used by the French during the invasion of the German West African Colony of Togoland in 1914. The conquest was easy, and several primitive machines were left forgotten in sheds at coast ports. Just after the War a young trader found one of these machines on his firm's premises. He had been an airman, and he overhauled the old 'bus secretly.

One day, to the astonishment of black and white in that tropical seaport, a rickety Blériot monoplane was seen staggering drunkenly in the sky. The antiquated engine gave out after a time, and the airman landed neatly in the garden of the governor's residence. That machine made no more flights.

To-day regular services are reaching out to the farthest corners of the old Dark Continent. The French have long been in regular touch with their West African Colonies, striking out across the Sahara to East Africa and beyond—to Madagascar. Cairo is linked with Cape Town.

But the pilots of the African airways will never have to complain of monotony. Africa will always provide something new—even in the air.

WE JOIN AN ELEPHANT HUNT

Some New Photographic Records of Elephant from the Air will be Found on the Preceding Pages

By V. N. G. SWEENEY

(who has just returned from a nine months' tour in Central Africa)

The opportunity of joining an elephant hunt comes to very few more than once in a life-time, so that when we arrived at Gangara, famous for its elephant hunters and elephant training centre, we decided to wait there and join the next expedition.

Gangara is a fairly large village in the heart of the Belgian Congo in Central Africa, and is only 180 miles from the Equator.

After waiting about two weeks in this stifling heat we were just beginning to wonder whether it was worth waiting any longer, when the news was received that a herd of about 800 elephants had been sighted some 15 miles away.

Next morning we were up with the dawn, and at 5 a.m. we moved off with the expedition.

We were a curious party, three white men, two others beside myself, about forty natives and half a dozen highly trained monitor elephants, loaded with ropes, guns, and stores to last about six weeks.

We were puzzled at first about these monitor elephants, but we were to see later what great assistance these beasts render on a hunt such as this.

The first few miles of our journey were along the main road—a main road as far as Central Africa is concerned—but not unlike a well-used footpath through an English wood. Presently, however, our guide broke away from the road and we made our way through what seemed endless miles of bush.

About mid-day we called a halt, as the boys ahead reported that we were within one-and-a-half miles of the herd. In the normal course of events we would have camped during the terrific heat of mid-day, but as we wished to catch our quarry while browsing we decided to push on right away.

Absolute silence was essential from then onwards, as the elephant has more sensitive ears than almost any other animal, and can detect even slight sounds at anything up to three miles. We were also told that during our journey we had gone miles out of our way in order to keep to leeward of the herd, otherwise our chances of capture would have been very remote.

These exaggerated senses of the elephant are counteracted by the fact that its sight is extraordinarily weak, and it is possible to approach within ten yards of the animal without being seen by him.

Consequently we proceeded in dead silence, for the least sound might have caused a stampede, and our day would have been wasted. At last we sighted our quarry, and yard by yard we drew nearer to a splendid specimen on the edge of the herd.

Two rope throwers went ahead, and when within a few yards they cast ropes so as to fall in large nooses around the elephant. Two nooses landed lightly in the grass without disturbing him; a third was thrown, this landed rather nearer, and he seemed to suspect something. Everybody remained breathlessly still, knowing that the beast had only his ears and nose to warn him of danger. For some seconds he waved his trunk to and fro and his great ears twitched as if straining to catch the least murmur, but after a little while he seemed satisfied that all was well. Yet another noose was laid, but this time he was convinced that something was wrong, and moved off. But before he had gone many paces his left foot fell inside one of the coils of the rope; in a flash it was pulled taut and made fast to a tree, and the lord of the jungle was caught.

We then fired our rifles over the heads of the herd and they stampeded away out of sight, leaving us with our capture kicking and roaring.

With great skill a boy managed to secure a hind leg with a rope and, running round and round the elephant, eventually tripped him up.

When the beast had recovered from the first shock of capture two monitor elephants were brought up, and to all intents and purposes took sole charge of the new capture.

Their first task was to make him stand up, and they use force to do this if necessary; they then stood one on each side and led him away to headquarters.

Next day the herd was followed up again and the same tactics were adopted. Sometimes as many as twenty captures are made on one expedition, and in that case the new captures are escorted back to Gangara three at a time by the monitors.

After about eighteen months' training these animals will be quite docile and obedient and will be used chiefly for bush-clearing and ploughing.

A MAKER of COURT SNUFF-BOXES

The Art of John Obrisset, Huguenot

1705—1728

"THE WISEST FOOL IN CHRISTENDOM": A die-struck silver badge portrait of James I mounted on a tortoiseshell box with a silver hinge

NEGRO'S HEAD: A horn box with a circular panel

"THE BOLD SEA ROVER": The arms of Sir Francis Drake. This is regarded as the finest example of Obrisset's work in the entire volume

THE ILL-FATED STUART: A tortoiseshell plaque, pressed portrait in plain armour, set in a silver-mounted tortoiseshell box

"NOLL": A design after the battle of Dunbar medal by Thomas Simon. It has decorated spandrils and is silver-mounted

"ROMAN JAMES": A tortoiseshell plaque of the last Stuart King, pressed portrait in a gold frame

DUTCH WILLIAM: A horn medallion, pressed circular panel enclosing the portrait of William of Orange

THE ROYAL MARTYR: Cast and chased silver jugate portraits of Charles I and Henrietta Maria—the memorial medal of 1649 executed in Saxony. "Jugate"—deriving from the Latin word for a yoke—is a peculiarly numismatic technical term and means conjoined or overlapping. All the examples given here are taken from Mr. Phillips's volume

PORTRAIT BY OBRISSET: A portrait by Obrisset of Queen Caroline, consort of George II, set in a tortoiseshell box to commemorate their accession

THE GREATEST GENERAL AND TRAITOR ENGLAND EVER BORE: The first Duke of Marlborough in decorated armour

The work of a remarkable craftsman, which has been the life-long study of Mr. Philip A. S. Phillips, has now been recorded in a magnificent volume published by Batsford. This text-book, invaluable to the collector, tells the story of John Obrisset and of how he provided the great elegancies of the "days of rapee." Obrisset was a Huguenot and worked in England owing to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There is no other known craftsman in horn and tortoiseshell of his period in England who was so prolific in producing such a large variety of specimens of his art; and it is, therefore, very difficult to make any comparison between Obrisset and any of his competitors in the craft. Undoubtedly the novelty and quality of his work—for we know of no earlier maker in England of boxes such as Obrisset's—must have created a demand for his productions, and so it is that we are able to-day to find such a wealth of examples to illustrate the brilliant craftsmanship of this noted worker.

The monograph is intended to fill a void in the records of a craft and its chief exponent of the early years of the eighteenth century. How long this craft of horn and tortoiseshell-working in England, especially in the form of boxes, had existed previously is not precisely known, but that it was practised in the seventeenth century is certain. Tobacco boxes for the pocket in silver, of an oval shape, were first made in England during the Commonwealth, and contemporaneous examples exist of a similar fashion but made in brass and other metals of both English and Dutch manufacture.

The subject of snuff-boxes has hitherto only lightly been touched upon by writers in the field of art, especially in those cases where the material of which so many were made had little or no intrinsic value. Yet there are still existing numerous examples in various materials—and notably in horn—of high artistic merit and much historic interest and rare craftsmanship which are prized by collectors to-day as they were by those of former days; and in a few of our museums may be seen several specimens which may assist the student of a craft long since dead and forgotten.

ROBERT KNOX, M.D., 1791–1862, the Scottish anatomist who patronized Burke and Hare

PAYMENT FOR VALUE RECEIVED: Burke and Hare bring the body of one of their victims to the laboratory of Dr. Knox—a tense and gruesome scene from "The Anatomist," at the Westminster Theatre

JOHN CLERK, LORD ELDIN, 1757–1832, the Scottish Judge who tried the Burke and Hare case

"HISTOIRE MACABRE"

The Murderous Resurrectionists—Burke and Hare, the Scoto-Irish Purveyors of Fresh Corpses to the Anatomists of Edinburgh

A few weeks ago the average Londoner was distinctly vague concerning those men whose names are always coupled together—Burke and Hare—and apparently had some idea that they were either eighteenth-century politicians or perhaps Parry explorers of darkest Africa. But now the names of the infamous partners come glibly, and every playgoer knows them to be the notorious Irishmen who terrified Edinburgh by their brutal murders just over a century ago. For years afterwards the Scottish children were frightened into obedience by their nurses, who, unworried by the present-day theories of mental impressions on the young, threatened them that Burke and Hare would get them! No one who has witnessed the powerful scene in *The Anatomist*, by James Bridie, now running at the new Westminster Theatre, can fail to catch something of the horror which pulsated through Edinburgh at the time, so dire and grim is the portrayal of the two men at their awful trade, and it is revolting to realize that it definitely was a trade—the supply of dead bodies for the anatomist's table.

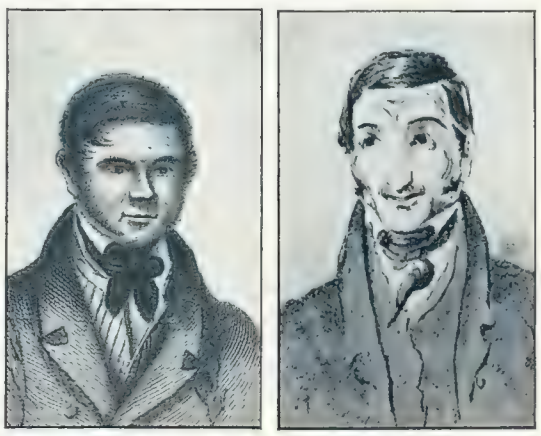
The desire for anatomical knowledge of the human body was thwarted for centuries, chiefly from religious objections, and the consequent refusal of successive Governments to allow any legal access to the necessary "subjects" for the anatomist. Yet the ardour of the surgeons never died away, and somehow or other they obtained the required bodies. It is surprising to find that in 1506 the Scottish Medical School pleaded for "ane condampnit man efter he be deid to make anatomies of, quhair throw we may haif experience ilk ane to instruct uthers, and we sale do suffrage for the soule," and they bound themselves to uphold an altar in St. Giles. Gradually permission was given for the surgeons to acquire the bodies of foundlings and those who died violent deaths with none to own them. But as anatomical knowledge increased so the necessity for "subjects" grew ever more pressing, and in the eighteenth century brought about the business of the "Resurrectionists," those men who rifled the new-made grave, and carted off the body to the surgeons' school.

In spite of the cry, "Death to the Resurrectionist!" and the horror with which the populace regarded those who disturbed the resting-place of their loved ones, the work went on. Sextons were bribed to unlock the gates of the cemetery, and at nightfall men carrying a large sack and a spade soon gained their prize, which brought them ready money from the doctors, who asked no questions. When urgently required, ardent bands of medical students themselves would engage upon the work, fully convinced that knowledge how to save life was worth the sacrifice of a corpse.

Some surgeons made arrangements for bodies to be obtained from England and Ireland, but as they had to come in sailing vessels, apt to be delayed by wind and storms, the bodies, when they arrived, as one medical writer delicately puts it, were "scarcely satisfactory."

DAFT JAMIE, who was a victim of Burke and Hare in 1828

The Medical School of Edinburgh was attracting great attention in the early decades of the nineteenth century, and among its most famous lecturers was Dr. Robert Knox, to whose classes on anatomy pupils flocked in hundreds. He was a striking figure, both in his appearance and in his manner of delivering his brilliant lectures which enthralled his listeners, who enthusiastically entitled him "Knox, *primus et incomparabilis*"—a well-built, muscular man, with features coarsened by smallpox which had atrophied one eye, dressed in the height of the fashion of his day. One of his old pupils, Dr. Henry Lonsdale, who wrote his life, describes vividly his "significantly gay" appearance, in dark coat over an embroidered waistcoat, tight trousers into shining boots, with spotless cravat and lace frills, gold seals and pendant and a flashing diamond ring, lecturing "amid osseous forms and decaying mortalities." Dr. Knox rashly stated that he could always get the "subjects" he wanted, and was prepared to pay high prices—it cost as much as £700 a year to supply his tables.



THE VILLAINS: William Burke and William Hare, the most cold-blooded murderers of many ages

All was going well for Dr. Knox till he received supplies from two vagabond Irishmen, Burke and Hare, who brought bodies to his residence in 10, Surgeons' Square. The bodies were remarkably fresh, but they bore no signs of violence and no suspicions were aroused. The men were living together in a wretched tenement in Tanner's Close in the West Port, close to the Grassmarket. Hare kept a squalid lodging-house, where an old army pensioner named Donald died. He was owing £4, and it occurred to Hare that he might substitute the body in the coffin and convey it to a doctor and so obtain the money. It was easily done, and £7 10s. was received.

The two men who have become notorious as the most callous murderers of all time had drifted together, coming from different parts of Ireland. After some wanderings they met in Edinburgh, where Hare was living with a disreputable woman. The large sum of money so quickly earned from Dr. Knox tempted the men to seek more bodies, but the risk and labour of robbing churchyards did not appeal to them. They waited for someone else to die, but it grew "awfu' tedious" and they decided to obtain bodies by the simpler method of murder! Without any apparent qualms they prowled for victims, finding them among the outcasts of the city, whom they lured into their miserable dwelling, plied with much strong spirit till they became drowsy and comatose. After this it was an easy matter to effect suffocation without any sign of struggle or violence.

For about a year they carried on their ghastly work, supplying the doctor with not less than fifteen bodies, till they became careless over the ease with which they could dispose of the poor unfortunates who came their way. According to Burke's own admission, they suffered no pangs of remorse, and as the bodies were rapidly removed from all recognition they had no agonies of fear. They became reckless enough to murder a beautiful girl of the streets, Mary Paterson, whose body was recognized by a horrified young student. He made fervent inquiries, only to be informed by the obsequious Burke that the poor girl had died from drink. But at last two lodgers at Tanner's Close saw a body under some straw and informed the authorities, who made a search, finally discovering the body in Dr. Knox's cellar. Burke and Hare were arrested, and Burke was publicly hanged amid the execrations of the public, while Hare, who had turned King's evidence, was set free, to disappear from further knowledge. With grim justice, Burke's body found its way to the anatomist's table and his skeleton to the museum.

The uproar in Edinburgh was tremendous, everyone was appalled that such things could happen, and the fury of the populace was turned against the doctor who had received the bodies of the victims. His house was attacked by the mob, who sang doggerel rhymes:

"Down the close and up the stair,
But and ben wi' Burke and Hare.
Burke's the butcher, Hare's the thief,
Knox the man that buys the beef."

Dr. Knox went about armed with pistols, for his life was in danger for some time, but offered no personal explanation, contenting himself with Burke's confession which exonerated him from all knowledge. But libels against him continued, his professional rivals helped to ruin his reputation, and at last he invited a committee of influential people to examine into the case. They made extensive inquiries and finally issued a statement saying they were convinced that neither Dr. Knox nor his assistants were aware that murder had been committed to procure the bodies, and though there were circumstances calculated to excite suspicion of murder, there was no proof that such suspicion had been excited. But though they asserted their complete assurance of his innocence, the committee admitted he had been incautious in receiving bodies without more inquiries. Knox, however, had shown no haste in getting rid of the bodies, which had been exposed quite openly in his school, the body of Mary Paterson, indeed, having even attracted an artist to draw among the students.

Knox's pupils continued to crowd round him and remained enthusiastically loyal for some years till, in 1833, the doctor's popularity declined and his partners afterwards left him. He came into disrepute too with his own profession by claiming a medical discovery as his own, which was really the work of a brother doctor. Finding pupils scarce Knox went to London, where he tried unsuccessfully to obtain Government work, being refused for the Crimea, though he had been an army surgeon in his early days, and finally becoming pathological anatomist at the Cancer Hospital.

B. L. H.

HELEN McDOUGAL, an associate of William Burke, 1828

RESCUING OLD ENGLAND

THE OLDEST MILLS IN ENGLAND: Outwood Mills, Redhill, one of which, the Post Mill, is the last working mill in Surrey. The date of the mill—an authentic date, for the miller possesses the original deeds—is 1665 and the Great Fire of London, in the following year was seen by workers from the summit. *Inset* is a detail in close-up of the Post Mill

By courtesy of Guy Repton, Esq.

A NOTABLE FEAT OF SALVATION was achieved when the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings bought the Assembly Rooms at Bath—famed in legend and history as the rallying point of the great world of fashion. This picture of "The Pump Room," 1784, is by Humphrey Repton, and shows it in its greatest days, while that inset above on left shows the Assembly Rooms in their decadence just before their purchase. Then they were used as a furniture exhibition and a cinema, but the Assembly Rooms have been singularly little altered in their decoration. Built in 1771 by John Wood who, with his father, designed most of the classical buildings still extant in Bath, they are beautifully planned. There is a dignified octagon room with a dome from which the great saloon for assemblies (the recent cinema) opens off, with its fine candelabra of Waterford glass. The Assembly Rooms will later be handed over by the purchasing society to the National Trust which will maintain them as a ward for the country. The death-knell of Bath as the supreme social centre of fashionable England was struck by Wesley.——On Friday a meeting of the Windmill Section of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings took place at Outwood in connection with the preservation of an ancient Post Mill, pictured above (in close proximity to another mill, too derelict to save). The history of Outwood Mill can be traced from deeds, and through entries in the Court Rolls, which are in possession of the Lord of the Manor. In 1665 an indenture was drawn up between Richard Paine of Westhoathly, Lord of the Manor of Burstowe, and Thomas Budgen of Nutsfield, in which Richard Paine "doth demise grant and to farme lett unto the said Thomas Budgen that peece or parcell of land and a windmill thereupon newly erected and built by the said Thomas Budgen."

AN ELOQUENT LAUREATE

Mr. John Masefield Breaks the New Tradition of Silence: Miss Ferguson Delights Anew: Miss Jacob Changes her Venue: and Other Items of the Week's Literary News

Claude Harris

MISS NAOMI JACOB, the author of *Roots*, a novel for this writer in a new but well-tilled and well-harvested field, reviewed below

MISS RACHEL FERGUSON, the author of *Victorian Bouquet, Lady X Looks On* — a joyous satire of modernity reviewed below

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

No one can complain that, like his predecessors in office for the last twenty years, Mr. John Masefield is a silent Poet Laureate. Two hundred a year, a sack of wine, and the disgrace of office, could never be applied as a description of his tenure of the Laureateship. True, he more often emerges these days as a novelist, but novels are written at will and poetry by will-o'-the-wisp. Recently, in an interview, Mr. W. B. Yeats shocked some of us by declaring that he sat at his desk daily from nine to four, a veritable income tax collector of the faery. Even so we shall continue to believe that poets are cradled into song by laziness.

My personal esteem of gentle John Masefield severely taxes my function as a critic of his verse. At his best he has written some of the loveliest and most moving poetry in the English language, and excellence in a tongue so rich is truly excellence. At his worst he has written the worst. There are bad air-pockets in some of the best flights of his muse. I do not allude to narrative poems like *The Everlasting Mercy*, which is a celestial omnibus bumping along the road of grim reality, but to those gossamer moods when the iridescent threads of fancy float in the morning air, when suddenly the thread becomes a veritable wire, snaring us and bringing us down to earth with violence. An instance of this occurs in the title-poem of *Minnie Maylow's Story* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). It begins with an old English Chaucerian flavour—

> Once (long ago) there was an English King
> Who loved good stories more than anything.

He loved them so much that he offered his daughter's hand to any poet who would come with "an endless tale," but failure would result in death.

At such a risk no poet came to Court.

> Only his Juggler and the Fool remained;
> One he disliked, the other he disdained.

He was left alone with his courtiers, with generals—

> Or Ministers with courtesies in their spines,
> Or Labour members talking about mines.

Wallop! In the name of King Cole, or any other medieval monarch, why "Labour members talking about mines" unless desperate for a rhyme with "spines"? For me the story is shattered after that, despite many bright couplets. I cannot forget that jerk into the presence of Mr. Cook even when a young poet appears to claim the prize with his ingenious catalogue of locusts attacking a granary. Whenever I read of Gold-stick-in-Waiting conducting the King to his throne, I could wish that Blue-Pencil-in-Waiting watched over the regality of poets.

Nevertheless, I must not seem ungrateful. In a long and distinguished service to the Muse the hand is still steady, the eye clear, the voice sweet. With the exception of Kipling there is no other living poet with a range so wide, a muse so experimental, a humour so constant. If you should doubt this, read *Son of Adam*. The skill of it! Only on the third reading did I discover that there was not a rhyme in it. Blank verse need neither be Miltonic nor Wordsworthian to net the authentic spirit. In his utter simplicity Mr. Masefield can exercise the finest economy and achieve the maximum beauty. It is the reward of lines like those in, say, *Henry VIII*, that holds us on the scent of a seemingly reckless Muse, almost enjoying the croppers we come in, in cunning and pace worthy of *Reynard the Fox* on a mount like *Right Royal*.

I dive for every book with the name of Rachel Ferguson on it. Unhappily I have only been able to dive twice, but what treasure in my hands each time! She wrote *The Brontës Went to Woolworth's* which I lent (date, name and address taken) as a test of a Sense of the Utterly Absurd—which is surprisingly rare in a generation brought up on Felix and Micky Mouse. Well, here is the second treasure—*Victorian Bouquet, Lady X Looks On*, edited with a preface by her friend, Rachel Ferguson (Benn. 6s.). One can do nothing with books like these except quote from them and wish for more. Lady X is a naughty old thing, and Miss Ferguson is a connoisseur of naughty old things. "There must be many ageing women in England to-day whose memories are better worth drawing out than is the parrot-squalling evoked from our Bright Young Studios." I, too, have a delightful collection of sprightly old ladies. One of them, having read a book of mine, wrote to me the other day with a vigour of spirit, and beauty of penmanship at eighty-five that should make us feel ashamed to be soured at forty and sarcastic at fifty, to say nothing of the senile seventies. I agree with Miss Ferguson that people over eighty know how to be really funny and caustic. Lady X is a treasure, and a terror. She looks backward and does a little scratching; "for sappy, round-faced Christabel (Pankhurst) I had an affection"; and faces the present, clear-eyed —"I do not believe for a second that we are all equal. I believe . . . that blood tells and always will . . . in the personal affection, however uncouthly expressed, that we bear our Royals, in spite of their Teutonic complexions and their preposterous hats." Her own generation is not spared. Lord Darling finds Poetic Justice.

"But then, he has got a side-line and writes poems for *The Sunday Times*, and signs them Lord Darling, and not Charles Darling or C.D., so that we all know what kind of thing to think about them in advance. I often spend the whole of Sunday morning between him and the cross-word-puzzle, trying to solve one or the other."

Lady X finds that novelists are far nicer than they allow themselves to be. She is overcome by Mr. Swankau and his portrayals "of downright English gentlemen on upright English horses." Lady X's bouquet has a kick in it despite its Victorian vintage.

Miss Naomi Jacob is a newcomer among the novelists who well repays careful watching. *That Wild Lie* and *Seen Unknown* were both admirable and unusual books. With *Roots* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) she maintains her high standard, and in a most unexpected field. Writing of her own people, of the Jewish faith, knowledge of their characteristics might be expected, but here she has taken a Yorkshire family and told an arresting story of its love for the acres that nurtured them through successive generations. Sarah Ann, the grim old woman who, childless, took into her hands the destiny of the Whitelaw family, is a magnificent creation. She dominates the book as she dominated the youngsters whom, after a barren marriage, she adopted as her own. The ruse by which she foists a child upon Charles, a war victim, both fails and triumphs. The power of her act, the fierceness with which she drives through her scheme, and under all the ruthlessness, the intense love of the soil, and the family heritage, are most poignantly presented. Miss Jacob has the great gift of creating character, of constructing a natural and vigorous dialogue, and in an age of loose writing that covers its ague with a cloak of psychology, the skill to weave a sound plot.

Another good novel is Mrs. Sarah Millin's *The Sons of Mrs. Aab* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.). Mrs. Millin is, to my mind, the ablest novelist South Africa has yet given us. She has the gift of story-telling, and can make the South African scene she knows so well glow with the heat and colour of her land. Her characters have a strength one expects in those close to the primeval earth, and the supreme passions of greed and love dominate the story. A forlorn insurance agent lights the flame of greed in the heart of Gideon Aab, a gold digger. In the end Gideon Aab is deprived of the insurance money by a legal quibble which, for once, holds a measure of justice. But this bare statement of the theme conveys no sense of the drama presented by Mrs. Millin, nor of the beauty of her study of a fate-driven woman's devotion to her family. The power of greed and poverty to warp human nature is remorselessly revealed. This is a strong book in every sense of the word.

Will Mr. Forrest Reid forgive me if I regard him as incredibly old? It seems years and years ago since I, as a boy, stumbled upon a book of his and, curious about him, found he was one of the hopes of the 'nineties. He was a delicate, sensitive artist then; he remains so in *Uncle Stephen* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.). He writes in whispers, his characters speak in undertones, the action lies chiefly in the mind, and a sensitive earth is responsive to the human beings who move upon it. Here we are presented to a study of the relations between uncle and nephew, a study full of introspection. There is time to note the flight and colour of a butterfly. There are still statues, dark pools, a pagan creed, Greek love, and the Celtic twilight. Actually, the age is that of Walter Pater, and the prose is as fine. This is a book for the connoisseur.

The more I read of Mr. R. H. Mottram the more certain I am that he is an incorrigible Victorian. His mind functions best amid horse-hair and antimacassars. Most of his short stories in this collection, *The Headless Hound* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), have the scenes set in or around his Easthampton. They have the flimsiest plots, and yet they are as vivid as the Barretts of Wimpole Street, or the Ruskins of Coniston. *The Headless Hound* concerns a little girl who saw a ghost that was in reality a smuggler. An old gentleman goes down to his old school, recalls a boy's love-story, and then goes home in the mail train, content to have survived his idyll and remain a comfortable bachelor. There is Blazey the smuggler, who went to his own funeral and became the corpse he feigned. There is the detestable Mr. Prosser, the smug evangelist. They are all of another age, an age that Mr. Mottram's quiet skill makes us regret. At moments I begin to wonder if some of Thomas Hardy's overlooked work has been presented to our sight. There is a similar irony, a similar slow grace, a similar command of the vehicle of prose. And what can one say more?

It is difficult for our writers of mystery stories to devise an original murder. Mr. Bruce Graeme carries us away in a Bentley car and suddenly transfers us to a brougham in his novel, *Unsolved* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). Such is his method of working back to the strange death of Maurice Clavering. In this story the murder's the thing, and Mr. Graeme keeps one guessing.

Recommended List:

Climbs and Ski Runs, *by F. S. Smythe* **(Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net).**—A famous mountaineer and skier tells a thrilling story of his Alpine adventures in the Alps, Great Britain, and Corsica. Admirably illustrated.

Jehan Fouquet, *by Trenchard Cox* **(Faber and Faber. 21s. net).**—A study, with numerous illustrations, of the great medieval painter, whose gift carried him from Tours to Rome to paint the Pope's portrait; the greatest French master of the later Middle Ages will be represented at the forthcoming Exhibition of French Art at Burlington House. This makes an admirable preparatory study.

Great American Short Stories (Benn, Ltd. 8s. 6d. net).—An anthology of quantity and quality, 1,000 pages, ranging from Washington Irving to Ernest Hemingway.

Strange Intelligence, *by H. C. Bywater and H. C. Ferraby* **Constable. 10s. 6d. net).**—The story of British Secret Service work in naval intelligence preceding and during the War. It is an astonishing history, and the chapters on espionage in German naval circles provide comforting assurance of efficiency. The spy-mania that swept England appears to have had some foundation, particularly on the East Coast.

Vivante Returns, *by Sydney Horler* **(Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net).**—More Horler for excitement, supplying the reader's demand for more about Vivante. But Mr. Horler is a menace in the nursing home and herein he carries his excitement to Harley Street.

They Knew How to Die, *by Sophie Botcharsky* **(Peter Davies. 7s. 6d. net).**—The narrative of a Red Cross Sister on the Russian Front. No Chicago shambles presents a more terrifying spectacle of blood, and human endurance rises to unbelievable heights of heroism in this stark tale of horror.

Money and Prices, *by Augustus Baker* **(Dent. 6s. net).**—A timely guide to the mysteries of money movement, the gold standard, credits and prices, in non-technical language.

Notable ART *of the* CURRENT WEEK

"MEMORIES," by D. Forester Wilson, A.R.S.A. An exquisite study of an old peasant woman—"one of those wrinkled faces that God loves," to quote John Buchan—exhibited in the Seventh Exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of Fine Art held in the McLellan Galleries, Glasgow

STUDY OF A CHILD'S HEAD, by Boleslaw de Szankowski, the distinguished Polish artist. This is one of the most delightful canvases at the Claridge Gallery Exhibition and also one of the most ideal of modern child studies

The Bellini, *on right*, has been bought by a famous U.S. collector who preserves his anonymity. It was on view for three days in Paris before crossing the Atlantic. Upon the authority of Baron von Hadeln, it is inferior only to the great Bellini Doge in the National Gallery

A NEW-FOUND BELLINI, ranked only after the Loredano Doge. It was found in England, taken to Paris by air, and sent to an unnamed U.S. purchaser

MRS. MARGUERETE WENNER-GREN, by Nicola Michailow, who is holding his first show in London—at the French Gallery, New Bond Street. A Bulgarian by birth, he is a protégé of the ex-Tsar Ferdinand. Among his sitters are the ex-Kaiser, the Presidents of the great Latin-American Republics, and Signor Mussolini. He held an exhibition in New York two years ago

MRS. JAC. WHITAKER, by Boleslaw de Szankowski, on view at the Claridge Galleries. There is a great suavity and distinction of manner in this brilliant artist's work

MRS. ROBERT BONSOR, by Boleslaw de Szankowski. The artist, who studied in Cracow, Munich, and Paris, was a pupil of Jean Paul Lawrence, Benjamin Constant, and de la Gandara. He exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1900. In 1906, M. de Szankowski went to Munich, where he still lives; and in 1930 he undertook an American tour which proved a great success. M. de Szankowski has a considerable reputation as a portrait painter of Society with a big S

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

By PHILIP PAGE

"Henry the Ninth."

Not many weeks ago it was pointed out to the impresario of a musical piece undergoing a preliminary run in the provinces that it was not overwhelmingly funny. "That's all right," was the reply, "I've got some authors coming in to-night." I know the sort of thing those "authors" do, those peripatetic play-doctors with their cut-and-dried prescriptions and their ancient japes stored away and ticketed for future use. Mr. Lauri Wylie I have known in the past to have written some amusing scenes, so I should be willing to absolve him from the entire authorship of *Henry the Ninth*, the farce at the Prince's Theatre which bears his name, and to put some of the blame on specialists who have been called in at the last moment. But perhaps Mr. Wylie is in this case himself a specialist? For *Henry the Ninth* is more replete with hoary attempts at humour than any farce of the last couple of decades. A certain amount of amusement can be derived from playing the little game of betting that one remark or phrase will inevitably be followed by that which has been its companion for generations. But betting on certainties soon palls. When someone referred to a "night-dress in case," I knew the comedian would say, "In case of what?" And he did.

The idea of *Henry the Ninth* is not at all a bad one. A respectable business man, subtly named Mr. Blue, comes to live in an old Tudor house and is promptly imbued with the amorous habits of the great Tudor King. In so far as Mr. Blue is played by Mr. W. H. Berry, this is all to the good. But Mr. Berry's talent calls for employment in musical plays. Give Mr. Berry, say, a bag of golf-clubs with elastic necks and he is admirable. Give him a topical song to "put over" and, with his good singing voice and a merry glint in his bright blue eyes at a supporting chorus of pretty damsels, he is in his element. But make him the mainstay of a farce that is not funny, and the life seems to have gone out of him. And *Henry the Ninth* is really not any funnier than *Henry the Eighth*. Indeed, there is a scene with the old nurse in the latter play which is much more diverting than anything Mr. Wylie has devised for the Prince's.

However, Mr. Berry has his devoted followers and they laughed loyally when he disguised himself as the lady's maid of the woman on whom he had designs and helped her to undress in front of her husband. They laughed when he conducted a somnambulist out of the bedroom. And he really did get some fun out of attempting to carry on a conversation in French with *la plume de ma tante* as his sole phrase.

Mr. Peter Haddon is a more than competent light comedian, with an individual style. He is not to be blamed for having made nothing out of a drunken scene that had nothing in it. Mlle. Mireille Perrey did her best with broken English and unbroken determination. I really do not see why it should have been thought necessary to send all the way to Paris for somebody to play this part. Yet in the circumstances no British actress, bad though times are, need grieve over being deprived of it.

Strindberg's Strong "The Stronger."

Wilde's *Salome* has not died after all. It was reprieved. As I write it is being played at the Duke of York's Theatre. It would be improved by being cut. *Hamlet* is rarely played in its entirety, and if Shakespeare can be treated in this way surely Wilde can. I should begin on that dreadfully long list of gifts put into the mouth of Mr. Robert Farquharson, which suggests Harrod's catalogue rather than Herod's. Wilde has now been backed up by Strindberg, whose one-act play, *The Stronger*, is grimly and powerfully ironical. It tells of how a flamboyant and garrulous woman boasts of her married happiness before a woman who is apparently loveless and unloved. The latter remains silent, and when the other departs, she quietly beckons—to the husband of the woman who has just left her. Miss Ethel Warwick as the talkative woman and Miss Nancy Price as the silent one are very fine. Indeed, Miss Price's performance—her task is one of immense difficulty—is a superb piece of skilful suggestion.

Sasha

Sasha

Sasha

THE MARRIED LOVERS OF THE STAGE AND SCREEN—MISS EDNA BEST AND MR. HERBERT MARSHALL: Three of these four pictures show scenes from There's Always Juliet, *by John van Druten at the Apollo—a charming romance which has caught the somewhat jaded taste of 1931 with the charm of its simplicity. In the* top left-hand picture, *Mr. Herbert Marshall, in the rôle of the American architect, is chatting to Miss Edna Best, who plays delightfully, Leonora, a delightful English girl. Meeting at a cocktail party they "click," and he calls on her that evening. In consequence of the fact that he is recalled to America on business, Leonora goes out with Peter (Mr. Cyril Raymond)* (top right) *and the evening culminates in a duplication of the previous scene save that it is rather "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. Dwight (Mr. Marshall) has his recall rescinded, and the finale* (bottom left) *shows the now engaged lovers (who are married off the stage) announcing their engagement (after two or three days' acquaintance) over a trunk call to France. The* lower right-hand picture *shows Mr. Marshall and Miss Best in* Michael and Mary—*a Gainsborough film version of the A. A. Milne play. Miss Best's film make-up is a masterpiece*

"Hollywood Holiday."

Plays about film "shop" were inevitable. *Merton of the Movies* failed only because it was before its time. If *Hollywood Holiday*, by Benn Levy and John van Druten is not up to the level of Mr. Levy and Mr. van Druten when they work separately, it should prove quite diverting enough to fill the New Theatre for some months. Its only fault is overmuch harping on one theme and the over-exploiting of the genuinely amusing personality of Miss Jean Cadell. The result is that the beginning of the play seems so much more amusing than the end of it. A *diminuendo* is a dangerous thing in a theatre.

However, the idea of surrounding Miss Cadell's British spinsterishness with the exotic glamour of a Hollywood film studio and of letting her return to Bayswater with a load of American slang was a good one and clever use is made of it.

Glamorous film-blondism is picturesquely supplied by Miss Marjorie Brooks and Miss Polly Lane, and Miss Kay Hammond and Mr. Hugh E. Wright fill in with neat character work.

KING ERIC VIII AND QUEEN MARTHA VII–VIII!—Mr. Barry Jones and Miss Grace Lane in "The Queen's Husband" at the Ambassadors

British Opera.

The curtain fell on Saturday night on a six-weeks' season of opera in English at Covent Garden. When will it rise again? A Spring season of opera in English at this theatre would have been certain had sufficient encouragement been given to this one. It seems hardly conceivable that next summer will go by without a "grand" season at Covent Garden; yet in these times of financial stress it is by no means certain that it will be considered feasible to pay out large sums of money to famous foreign singers. However, that is along way ahead, and by that time it is to be hoped that all will be well.

The unfortunate fact remains that many performances at Covent Garden were sparsely attended, and, I think, quite undeservedly so. That this has been bad luck on some admirable British singers, and on the untiring and successful efforts of Mr. John Barbirolli as conductor, and Mr. Charles Moon as producer is profoundly true; but, for practical considerations, beside the point. One does not go to the opera as a matter of duty or courtesy.

What, then, is the cause for this obstinate refusal adequately to support home industries, operatically speaking? There are many causes, with, looming large in the foreground, the erroneous conviction that no one of British blood can possibly be of the slightest use or interest on the operatic stage (Dame Nellie Melba having apparently been forgotten). British symphony concerts, British chamber concerts, even British pianists and violinists are applauded by thousands. The "Proms" have had a record season, and nearly all the Queen's Hall orchestral concerts are well attended. But British opera—no.

The second cause is allied to it and springs solely from snobbery. There is a notion, impossible to eradicate, among people with money and of social eminence, that whereas it is a correct and even essential thing to go to Covent Garden in May, June, and July, it is as serious a lapse as eating peas with a knife or wearing a white tie with a dinner-jacket to go there in September and October. One might, naturally, have expected fewer of the summer stalls and boxes *habitués* for a variety of reasons. I do not think half a dozen turned up at any of the performances. Long have I argued that there is no reason for supposing that the love of opera displayed by expensive people in the "grand" season to be only superficial, that hearts that are true and fair may beat for Wagner, and Puccini, no less sincerely in Belgrave Square than in, if not Seven Dials, at any rate, Golders Green and Ealing. Frankly, I was wrong.

That grand opera is a strange and exotic thing I grant. That it is highly desirable to have world-famous singers appearing in it at fabulous salaries is perfectly true. But, exotic though it may be, it appeals strongly to people of the middle and poorer classes, who flock enthusiastically to British opera, whether at Covent Garden or the Old Vic. And I emphatically deny that there has been so great a difference between the standard of performance at Covent Garden the last few weeks and those in the summer, that those who are fond of opera *for its own sake* have been compelled to stay away.

Some of the performances, notably of *La Bohème*, *Die Meistersingers*, *Die Fledermaus*, and *The Bartered Bride* have been not only comparatively, but intrinsically excellent. In some cases, indeed, there has been an *ensemble*, a display of enthusiastic team-work which have been absent in the summer months. Many continental achievements have not only been rivalled but surpassed.

Of course there have been faults. But since there has been a conspicuous tendency in more than one quarter to exaggerate faults and ignore some very considerable virtues, I have put forward, though in no sanguine fashion, this plea for fair play in the future.

"TALKIES"

A DRAMA OF COLONIAL DAYS: Mr. George Arliss in the title rôle of "Alexander Hamilton"—the history of a piece of political blackmail frustrated shortly after the U.S. War of Independence. Above Mr. Ralf Harolde as Reynolds, Miss Doris Kenyon as Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Gwendolin Logan as Mrs. Washington, Mr. Lionel Belmore as General Schuyler, and Mr. John T. Murray as Talleyrand are seen

STARRING AT THE REGAL: Miss Constance Bennett and Mr. Ben Lyon in Bought—*the latest "formula-picture" to exploit Miss Bennett, who almost invariably plays the good girl gone wrong through force of circumstances—with a happy ending*

Special SPHERE Picture

"THE VERDICT OF THE SEA": Messrs. Cyril MacLaglan and David Millar with Miss Moira Lynd in a talkie now under construction at B.I.P. Studios, Elstree. This is a mystery drama in which Miss Lyna is the only woman in the cast. Many scenes have been shot in the South Seas

"THE MAD GENIUS": Mr. John Barrymore, with Mr. Donald Cook, in the latest vehicle to exploit his macabre power seen in Jekyll and Hyde. *This film deals with a dancing genius who is born with a club foot. He devotes his life to teaching a* protégé

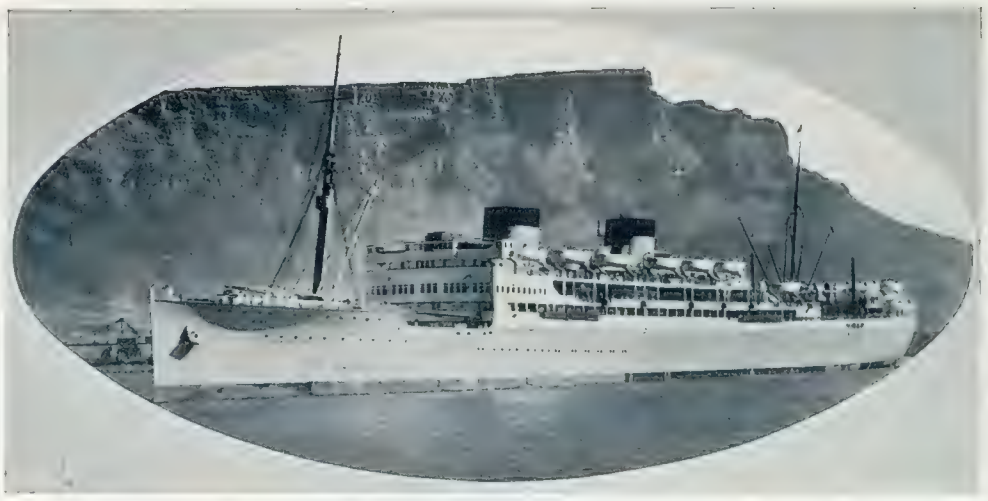
Special SPHERE Picture

"TIN GOD": A scene in a film dealing with the hazards of life in the Far East. A party of tourists are captured and incarcerated in a Chinese temple. A feature of the film is the fantastic angles from which the camera has been used to record the scene. Mr. F. W. Kramer, Mr. Franz Celian, Miss Ethel Fleming, and Miss Ruth Maitland are seen above

Special SPHERE Picture

"MISCHIEF": Miss Winifred Shotter, Mr. Ralph Lynn, and Miss Jeanne Stuart (the scenic artist) in the new British and Dominions production written by Mr. Ben Travers especially for the screen. In it Mr. Kenneth Kove and Mr. James Carew appear. Although a farcical comedy, it is not an "Aldwych" play or cast

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL



R.M.M.V. "WARWICK CASTLE" (20,445 tons) at Cape Town

SUNSHINE IN S. AFRICA

The Charm of a Sun-Smitten Continent

By CLIVE HOLLAND

A great Empire traveller remarked to us the other day, "If the crisis has done nothing else that is good it has certainly been the means of directing the attention of winter holiday makers to the fact that there is plenty of sunshine to be found in British overseas colonies and dominions, as well as on the Riviera and at other foreign resorts. A patriotic holiday to one or other of our own possessions can also be a most enjoyable one, health-giving, and intriguing to a degree scarcely realized by those who have never tried the experiment."

This is undoubtedly very true, and the steamship companies and other organizations specializing in Empire travel are taking every pains to bring the facts to the notice of those able to take winter cruises and extended tours.

There are few better holidays to be had than one in South Africa, that wonderland and sunshine land which is too little known. Nowadays one can reach South Africa in luxury and speedily, and enjoy it in comfort.

The famous Union Castle Line have linked up the Mother Country and the Cape by a line of such luxurious steamers that one is transported across the summer seas in what is virtually a floating hotel of the highest class. So splendidly found are the boats upon the Cape services that it is difficult to realize even in the 3rd-class accommodation that one is not in a well-appointed home. While in the 1st class one enjoys all the amenities of hotel life of the most luxurious standard afloat.

A winter cruise, such as we have in mind, so soon takes one from the gloom and chill of the British climate, at this season of the year, into warmth and sunshine of summer. One is hardly clear of the Channel when the change takes place and before three-and-a-half days have elapsed, and Madeira is reached and the liner enters the beautiful Bay of Funchal one definitely settles down to a life of ease, delightful warmth and brightness. One can land and enjoy a rapid exploration of the island with its strange terraced hillsides, quaint ox-drawn sleds in place of the usual type of conveyances, luxuriant vegetation, pine-clad peaks, and prolific figs—one variety growing its fruit in clusters on the bare trunk itself—and dates, bananas, and oranges. Funchal, the capital, has many quaint corners and interesting types, especially among the wine-growers and peasants who come into the town from the hills.

Funchal left behind, the serious work of planning amusements, deck sports, and other entertainments for the remaining fortnight of the voyage is undertaken. There is no monotony in a voyage to the Cape nowadays, but nevertheless much restfulness for those desiring it. Afternoon tea on deck is an institution, and it forms a pleasant break to quoits, shuffle-board, cock-fighting, racing, and other games.

Generally early in the morning, about seventeen days after leaving Southampton, Table Mountain, and the Cape are sighted. We do not think that most people ever forget their first glimpse of that wonderful mountain, especially, as is so often the case, if it is cloud-capped.

One has enjoyed seventeen days of luxury, ease, and enjoyment amid charming surroundings and with pleasant companionship. The return voyage promises one a like happy experience—in all thirty-four or five days of ocean travel for less than a pound a day third-class, and for less than three pounds a day by luxurious first-class. And the patriotic holiday-maker feels he is supporting British shipping and British trade.

The Cape and Cape Town (for to-day the capital city has so encroached upon its surroundings as to merit the description of "the Cape" itself), what a wonderful place it is! Here one finds the most equable temperature in the world. Yearly more and more visitors are coming to it, and this year a record should surely be put up.

The Flower Market of Cape Town is sheer delight, ablaze with the most beautiful flowers and gorgeous colours, and the types of the flower-sellers, with their gay head-dresses and sun-burned faces, cannot fail to interest; while as a background is Table Mountain, and fine buildings almost nestling within its shadow.

Quite close to Cape Town is the wondrously beautiful Constantia Valley, delightful False Bay, silvery and placid, in which the mountains are reflected; St. James' and Kalk Bay—delightful seaside resorts; and Muizenberg, where "surfing" has been brought to an art along the splendid stretch of sandy beach.

At such a spot as Camps Bay, a beautiful resort framed—when seen from the heights above the shore—in trees, and one of the most alluring spots along the coast, one may spend a delightful time and extend one's holiday, if time permits, almost indefinitely. Here the sea approaches in the intensity of its blue that of the Southern Pacific, and one is brought to realize that though it is winter, and probably foggy in England, it is like summer here—blue skies and sunshine, and warmth of indescribable charm.

Cape Town rises gradually upwards inland, forming a striking amphitheatre. The main thoroughfare, Adderley Street, runs from the waterside till it reaches the General Post Office where one finds most of the interesting buildings and sights radiating in all directions. Then one is led still onwards along the fine avenue of oaks which Simon Van Der Stel, one of the most famous and far-seeing of Dutch governors, planted. It is at the end of this that lie the Gardens, one of the most beautiful of suburbs to be found in any city in the world.

Modern and up to date in many things as Cape Town undoubtedly is it can still show something of the old-world beginnings of interest to the traveller.

Sportsmen visiting the Cape will find their needs well provided for. There are two racecourses, that of the South African Turf Club at familiarly-named Kenilworth and that of Milnerton Turf Club at Ascot. There are fine golf links, several situated amid most delightful and picturesque surroundings, and fishermen will find the Cape a paradise of sport both as regards sea angling and other fishing.

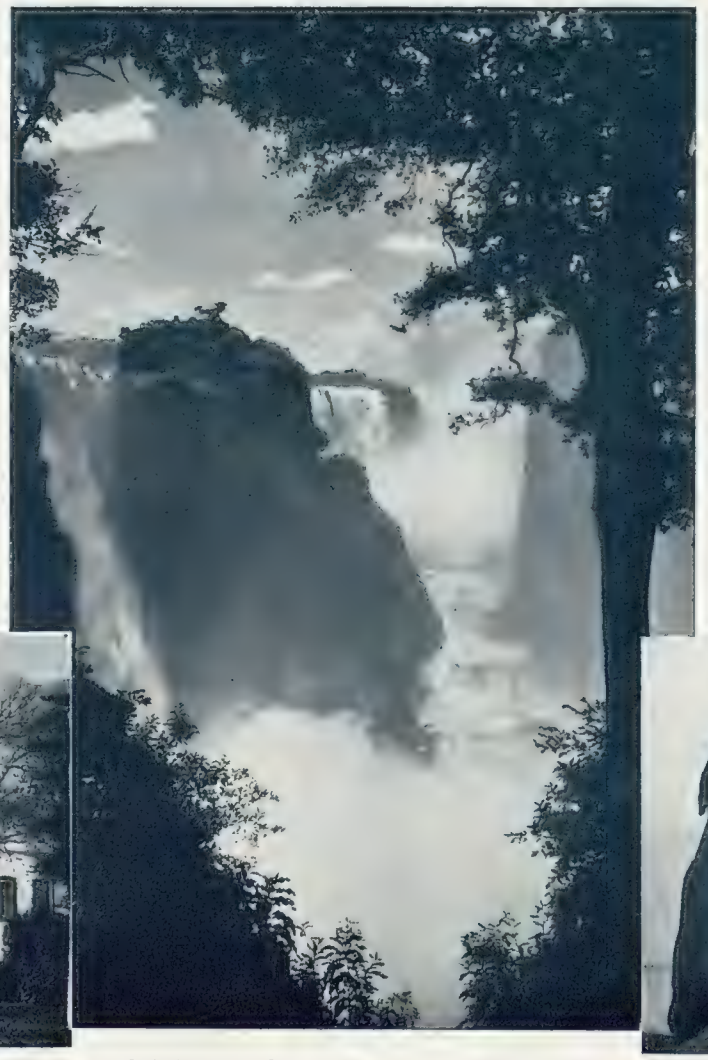
No one, however, should make Cape Town their only "port of call" who can spare the time to visit such towns as Port Elizabeth on Algoa Bay, with its fine six-mile long sea-front, unique Snake Park with upwards of three hundred kinds, magnificent bathing beach, and delightful climate which make it not only a favourite holiday, but also a residential resort. Or East London with its equable climate, which makes it so desirable a place of residence for invalids all the year round, as well as a popular resort because of its famous Orient Beach, facilities for sport, pastimes of all kinds, and many attractions in the way of excursions to beauty spots and places of interest.

Durban is another place which should not be missed. Not only is it a fine town enjoying an enviable reputation as a winter health resort to which people from all parts of South Africa flock to enjoy its amusements, social amenities, and magnificent surf bathing on Ocean Beach, but it possesses many of the sporting attractions of Cape Town, and there are many desirable excursions to be made in the vicinity.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

AT THE FOOT OF TABLE MOUNTAIN: One of the most picturesque Dutch homesteads in Cape Town—"Rheezight." This house is 225 years old



VICTORIA FALLS: A view of this famous beauty spot of Africa from the western end of the gorge. The effects of the spray in the sunshine cannot be paralleled by any other waterfall

"DARBY AND JOAN": Two famous rocks at Hout Bay, near Cape Town—a favourite resort for tourists—awe two young visitors

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A legacy of bygone ages, these Nell Gwyn candles, tall and tapering, are given a warm welcome in the home of to-day

One of the latest gas fires set into the wall well above floor level

HEATING and LIGHTING IN THE HOME OF TO-DAY

Picture by Logan

This long triptych dressing-glass is lighted by luminous columns provided with alternative switches for day and night lighting effects. Electrical Development Association

Picture by Logan

In a very modern house the electric fire is set into the chimney-piece above floor level, which ensures warmth without floor draught

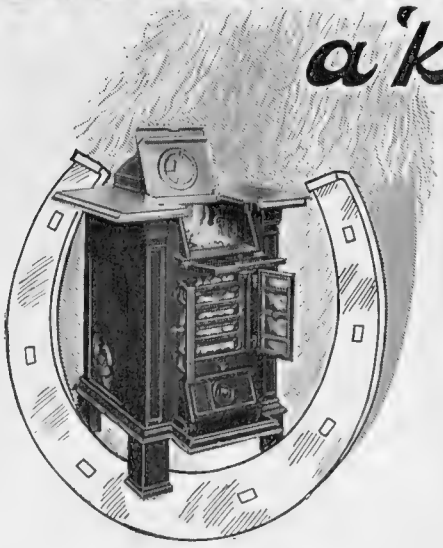
Electricity need not be out of place in an old-world setting. Here a Magicoal fire and an electric Jacobean candelabrum are quite in harmony with a period room. General Electric Co.

A room in the flat of Mr. Francis Lorne, F.R.I.B.A. Severe simplicity characterizes the lighting fitments, and here a large opal globe gives an evenly diffused illumination

Lighting effects set into the ceiling are a feature of this modern room, in which beige walls, cocoa-velvet upholstery, and brown, tan, and green rugs, set off the mahogany furniture. By Leleu of Paris

Another view of the sitting-room in the home of Mr. Francis Lorne. Reading lamps on the writing-table and bookshelves supplement the central lighting

The Boiler with a 'kick' in it!



Constructed of Wrought Steel, it will not crack when furred, or in frosty weather.

The "CHEERIO" Boiler gives a continuous supply of really hot water to any part of the house, day and night.

It can be used either as an open or closed fire, burns any kind of fuel and consumes kitchen refuse. Light cooking can be carried out on the Nickel-Plated Hot Plate.

Most economical in use, easy to clean, needs little attention and is built for long service.

Can be supplied in Porcelain Enamelled Finish.

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REMEMBRANCE DAY
NOV 11TH

THE "CHEERIO"
WROUGHT STEEL DOMESTIC BOILER
SAFETY FIRST

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NO EXTRAS

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AN "ESSE" SAVES POUNDS FOR YOU

in your household expenses with its healthy ventilated warmth day and night. Uses only about one farthing's worth of Anthracite—Britain's cleanest and safest fuel—per hour. Simple to regulate to suit our variable climate and inexpensive to instal. Safer and cheaper than Gas or Electricity.

THE ALL-BRITISH
ESSE

In various designs from £2-15-0 upwards.

Ask for "ESSE" Book and name of nearest Stove Dealer from
SMITH & WELLSTOOD, Ltd., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND. Estd. 1854.
Showrooms—11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.; and at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Why Wait

For the mains? They may never be laid near your house. Even if they are it does not necessarily follow that a Public Supply would be a paying proposition for you.

With the latest type of crude oil engine electricity can be generated at a price with which the Supply Companies with their heavy overhead charges cannot compete. A private plant has the following additional advantages:

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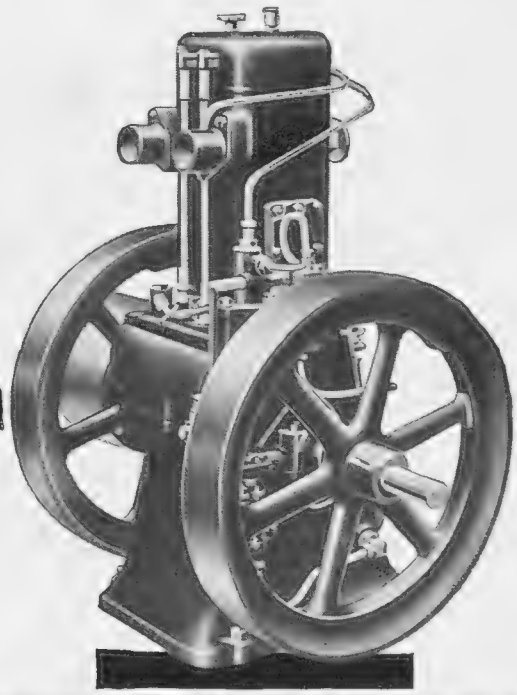

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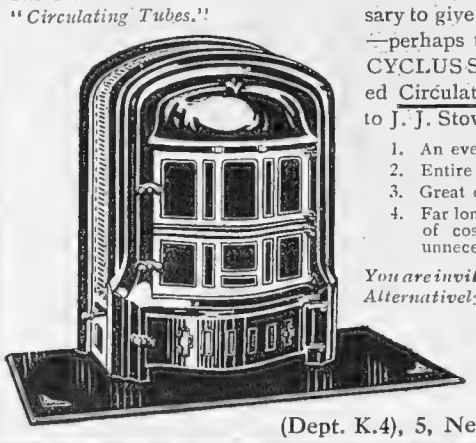
UNIQUE *Anthracite* STOVE

J. J. CYCLUS
The Stove with the Patent "Circulating Tubes."



Apart from their beauty of design and their very large mica windows—so necessary to give that essential feeling of cosiness—perhaps the outstanding feature of J. J. CYCLUS Stoves are their ingenious patented Circulation Tubes. These tubes give to J. J. Stoves the following advantages:—

1. An even temperature throughout the room.
2. Entire absence of stuffiness.
3. Great economy in fuel consumption.
4. Far longer life of the stove itself—renewals of costly working parts being rendered unnecessary.

You are invited to call and inspect the J.J.Cyclus. Alternatively, please write for illustrated list.

Glow-Worm Boiler & Fire Co., Ltd.,
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Always alight

GIVE GENEROUSLY FOR YOUR POPPY
REMEMBRANCE DAY
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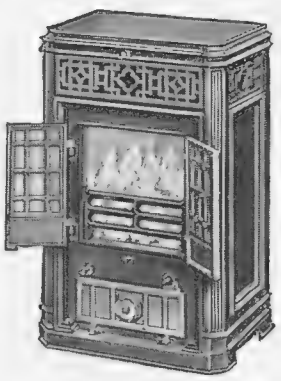
DAY AND NIGHT

Think what a joy that means! However late at night, however early in the morning, your room is still cosily warm. The Stove requires little attention and the cost of all this comfort is only 6d. every 24 hours. Burns any kind of fuel either as an open or closed fire. Easy to install and most economical in use. The "SIESTA" is the ideal solution of the heating problem.

When fitted with a boiler it will provide all the domestic hot water required.

PRICES from £5-17-6
Made in Enamel and other Finishes.



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Send postcard for particulars of "SIESTA," "CHEER-EE-O" and "COURTIER" Heating Stoves.

THE INTEROVEN STOVE CO., LTD.
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The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

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HEATING and LIGHTING in

BY MAR

This Kooksjoie range cooks for twelve people and heats sufficient water, if required, for two bathrooms, and number of wash basins. The London Warming Company

To-day, whether it be gas, electricity, or fuel, manufacturers design their heating and lighting installations with three aims in view, namely, efficiency, economy, and labour saving, and it is up to oneself, guided, maybe, by an architect, to choose the type of equipment that is best suited for one's own needs.

Upon these and the preceding page a selection of the most up-to-date methods of lighting and heating are shown.

Electricity, both from the lighting and heating points of view, has made such tremendous strides recently that it is well worth one's while to keep in touch with the latest developments for reasons both of economy and artistry. It is often said that electricity is expensive, and so it is if you use an old method or an appliance that does not happen to combine with the architectural arrangements of your home.

The same applies to the question of gas lighting and heating. I was simply amazed when I paid a visit a little while ago to a showroom and saw some of the newest lighting fitments that can be ignited by means of a simple switch. Diffused wall lighting is also now possible with gas, and for a really excellent decorative effect look at the attractive gas fire, which is inset into the wall on the preceding page.

The Bell Fire Company have recently patented a fireplace complete with fire, faience, and tile mantel. The fire itself may be of gas or electricity and is quite ready for fixing against any flat wall. These fireplaces are supplied in various designs and colours.

Within the last year a new type of stove has been introduced by Messrs. Smith and Wellstood, which is constructed with a pleasing open fire and the fuel used in the stove is anthracite peas, now being sold in London for the low price of 47s. 6d. a ton. The fact that this stove burns with an open fire is an added attraction to the stove.

Another type of stove which burns anthracite fuel is the Glow-worm boiler. These are excellent from every point of view and are made in eight sizes with various attractive finishes. With the smaller boilers it is possible, by using slightly smaller hot-water cylinders, to heat a number of radiators as well as a good supply of bath water, while the largest size boilers will heat six or seven large radiators and supply several bath taps. The smaller size burns about 4d. worth of fuel in twenty-four hours.

The Kooksjoie range is another stove that is not only continuous burning, but also heats an adequate supply of hot water

An electric fire, faience and tile mantel, which is sold complete in one unit ready for fixing against any flat wall surface. The Bell Fireplace Company

In the corner of this kitchen is fitted a Glow-worm boiler. It is made in eight sizes; and economically gives adequate hot water both for the bathoom and radiators

An open fire stove. The illustration shows upper panel (over fire) lowered disclosing a handy heating chamber. The top plate can be raised to give space for keeping warm a kettle of water. The Interoven Stove Co.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

the HOME of TO-DAY—(cont.)

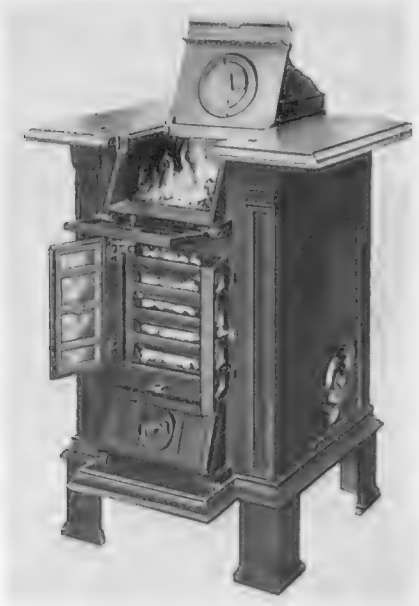
JORIE DAY

and provides a reliable oven for cooking. It is made by the London Warming Company, is designed to burn anthracite but will burn any other fuel with satisfactory results.

Yet another efficient stove is the Cheerio, designed by the Inter-oven Stove Company, Ltd. It combines all the advantages of a cheerful open fire, and is at the same time an efficient water heater. It has a large hot-plate upon which light cooking can be carried out. This fire also consumes any type of fuel.

In the days of so many inventions, it is sometimes a relief to turn to the old-world light of a candle. To eyes that are wearied with the brilliance of modern cities, the gentleness and soft glow of the candle is welcome, for with the possible exception of the log fire, candlelight is the one really desirable legacy from the dim ages which we active moderns genuinely appreciate and cherish. You will discover that the slender grace and charm of Nell Gwynn candles will find a welcome in your home.

A new type of open front Anthracite stove, the "Chaudesse," which is designed to burn a specially low-price fuel. Smith and Wellstood

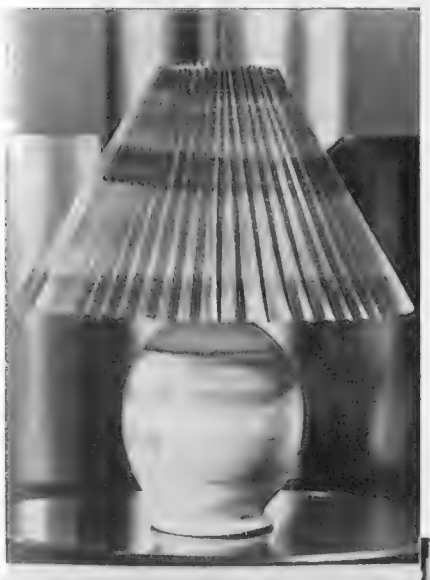


The "Cheerio" independent hot water boiler combines all the advantages of an open fire and an efficient water heater—will burn any kind of fuel. The Inter-oven Stove Co.

Again, there are many of us who love the soft, steady rays of an oil lamp. If you have an old Aladdin burner it will be interesting news to know that you can exchange it for an entirely new model which may be fitted to your present Aladdin lamp—you can take your old burner, complete with wick, generator, chimney, and wick-cleaner to your local ironmonger, and for a small sum you will receive in exchange a new burner and its accessories.

In conclusion, a word as to the merit of the oil lamp. The light given out by this type of illumination is strong and steady, and whilst it penetrates to all corners of the room it is neither crude nor harmful to the eyes. There was a time when smoke and odour were always considered the accompaniments of an oil lamp, but this day is past, and—an important point—it can be burnt at a cost of fuel that amounts to about a farthing an hour.

In England, to-day, the popularity of central heating is spreading quickly, and electric water heating and central heating is a method that is now receiving much attention. Provided the design is carefully considered so that the heat is used to the best advantage it need not be expensive, and cleanliness and reliability must also be taken into account. One of the foremost specialists in this branch of heating are Messrs. Drake and Gorham, Ltd., of Grosvenor Gardens, Westminster, who will always be pleased to give estimates and advice on this matter.



In the home of to-day the reading lamp plays an important part. Here is a very pleasing modern pottery vase with a pleated shade for electric lighting. The price of the lamp shown above is 27s. 6d. complete. From Hampton and Sons, Ltd.

This room has the tubular method of central heating installed. These tubes are quite unobtrusive and an economical method of warming a room. Heating by Drake and Gorham

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repays cost of Fireplace

When you consider the price of coal and compare the fuel consumption of an old-fashioned bar grate with that of the Bell Sunk Fire you realize immediately that the "Bell" refunds part of its cost every day. This is a fact proved by the testimony of thousands of users throughout the world.

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Inspection is Invited or illustrated literature will be sent on request.

The LONDON WARMING Co., Ltd. (Dept. K. 25), 2 Percy Street, London, W. 1.

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

BETTER BUSINESS AHEAD.—Olympia has closed its doors, and now that all the exhibiting has terminated the trade naturally anticipates that buying will commence. After mature reflection I think that the Show should result in good business. Value for money was never better; in fact in some cases it is staggering. Not only were the exhibits more than usually interesting, but the slight drop in the attendance figures and the greater amount of space available for the stands made a day at Olympia a far pleasanter experience than on any other previous occasion. This year I went as the prospective purchaser of a car, and therefore my examination was perhaps more thorough than usual, and my visits almost gave me a thrill going round from stand to stand looking for the car that I would own in 1932. Needless to say I previously made a mental list of several that I thought would please me, but on seeing them actually in the flesh I was disappointed, and immediately struck my pencil through name after name.

At Olympia the tendency of coachbuilders was to do away with the luggage grid and the exposed spare wheel where these two usual excrescences appeared at the rear. For some months this development has been taking place with the very laudable object of tidying up the back of a car. The front has been made much neater by shutters on the radiator and an apron over the dumb-irons, the general result being quite pleasing, but the efforts at the rear make me almost weep. There is nothing pleasing in most of the designs though there are one or two exceptions which are really nice.

THE LYING CAMERA.—One car which tickled my fancy when I saw its photograph almost repelled me when I saw it on the stand; it had a long bonnet, but what killed it in my opinion was the straight line of the back of the body which came so close to the ground that if one of the back wheels punctured the coachwork would undoubtedly hit the road. How the makers expected the unfortunate owner to jack up the car in such circumstances remains a mystery to me.

Another car which disappointed me was one with a tremendously long bonnet, built specially low to the ground with a tiny coupé body stuck on the back of the chassis. The general idea was praiseworthy, but the whole thing was out of proportion. That was the second car I did not wish to buy out of those I originally selected. The makers of the car which I own at the moment have likewise made an attempt to tidy up the back of their car, but in my humble opinion the tidiness has distinctly spoilt the whole appearance of the vehicle. Its sporty lines appear to have melted, and I refuse to believe that the owner of a sports car such as this wants to cover up a luggage grid if he ever desired to have one at all. I must confess, however, that I did come across one car which looked nice from every angle. The length of the bonnet and that of the body were proportionate, although the chassis had only a nine-horse power engine, and after I have had a trial run the odds are that it will be my mount for 1932.

Sasha

AN EXTREMELY SATISFIED MAN AT THE SHOW was Captain Black *(left)*, Director and General Manager of the Standard Company, whose 1932 range comprises the sensationally successful "Little Nine," the "Big Nine," the "Sixteen," and the "Twenty." So brilliant has been the success of these models this year that the present problem of the Standard Company is not to secure orders, but to produce sufficient cars to meet the demands which come pouring in

THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.—This year I noticed more makers imitating each other. Personally, I prefer a good imitator to a bad originator, but I can see no earthly object in every manufacturer putting a vertical strip down the centre of the radiator. It does not improve the appearance, and it certainly has no practical value of any count, and the only reason I can think why manufacturers imitate in this childish manner is that they are frightened that some finicky purchaser thinks such an addition is smart, and they are frightened of losing a sale on that account. Then again, the Chrysler radiator is being imitated as regards its shape, and secondly, as regards the bonnet overlapping it so that only a ribbon of radiator is apparent on the top and sides. Another noticeable example of copying is the type of radiator which I first of all saw on the commercial vehicles built by the Associated Equipment Company, and which are now to be seen in every street of London. The type I refer to is that where the front of the radiator is a small mesh wire netting which has really nothing whatever to do with the radiator except to act as a stone-guard. I feel certain that a little more ingenuity and enterprise in producing original ideas would help the motor trade considerably.

I thought I would not like the look of a car where the radiator is placed well ahead of the front axle. There were at least two examples of this design and I must say that the effect was ugly. Perhaps in time my eye will become accustomed to this strange appearance and the car with the radiator well back behind the front axle will become unpleasant to look at. Perhaps as time goes on we shall get not only the radiator but the whole engine stuck out ahead of the front axle in much the same way as is now to be seen on the Berlin buses or on a light aeroplane. I might, too, alter my opinion if I saw these cars on the road, because in the confined space of Olympia one really cannot get far enough away to see them as you would view them on the highway. This whole question of appearance is really quite important and manufacturers must remember that desirable as it may be to give ample accommodation, it will not pay them to ignore general appearance.

Half Panel Saloon

puts the need for the high-powered, high-priced car, you have always thought essential, "out of court"—

Because—it will do with ease all that you have done before on that more expensive vehicle.

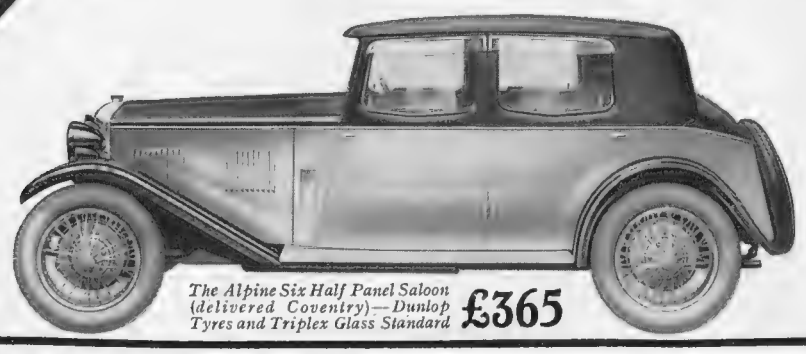
Because—its individualistic design gives it the distinguished appearance to which you have become accustomed.

Because—it will equally promote that pride of possession which has always been the principal reason for your ownership of that costlier car.

In a word, it has struck an entirely new note in Motoring—a note particularly appropriate to-day, when economy will be best served by reliability and a capacity for long and consistent service combined with minimum running and upkeep costs.

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

And remember, it carries this well-known mark and has behind it a manufacturing experience "as old as the Industry."



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For one thing, it will not be a social sin to be found in Britain this Autumn and Winter; and those who have consistently advocated Torquay and the English Riviera as the only Winter Resort worth while will at long last come into their own—if they are not done out of it by the exceptionally large number of people booking up at the

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72 × 90 ins. Each 63/-
90 × 100 „ „ 75/-

Coloured Linen Bedspreads of heavy quality with hemstitched border and openwork veining. Colours: Blue, Pink, Peach, Green.
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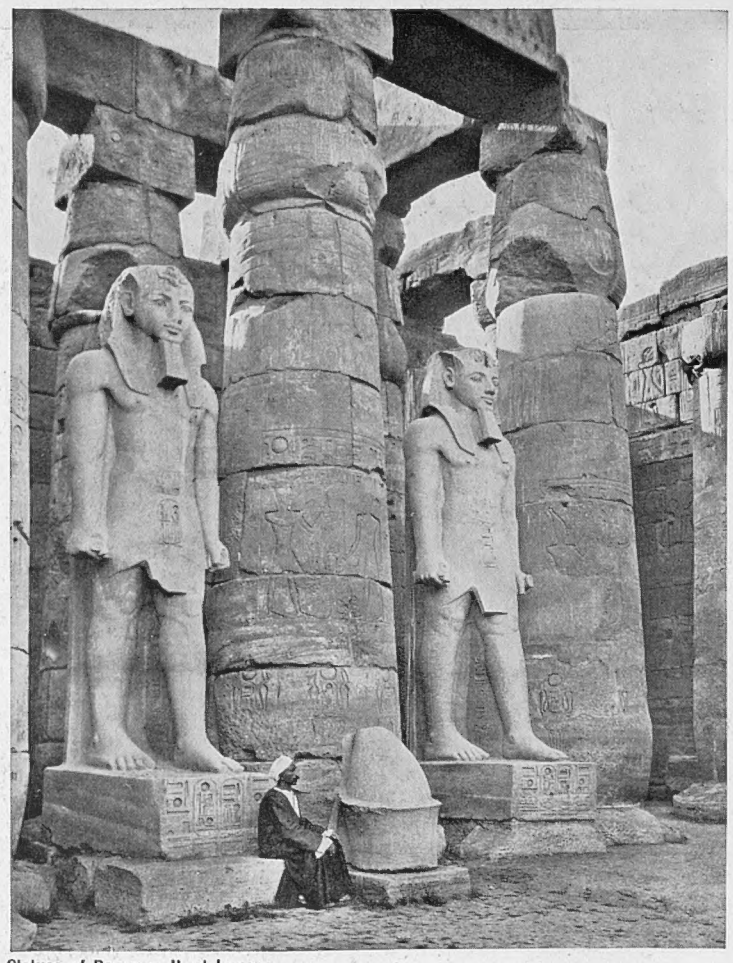

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NOTES AND NEWS

THE BRITISH SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

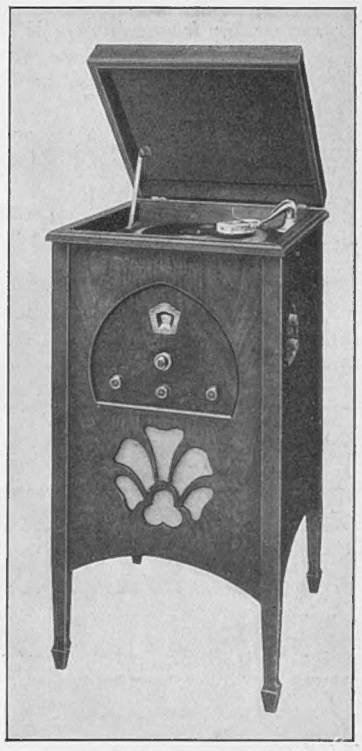
"The British Sportsmen's Show" is a novel form of cinematograph entertainment which has been arranged for the special interest of sportsmen and sportswomen all over Great Britain. The programme is well worth seeing as it embraces all branches of sport including golf, lawn-tennis, cricket, hockey, lacrosse, running, rugger, horse-racing, jumping, trotting, polo, winter sports, motor-racing, greyhound-racing, swimming, yachting flying, to mention but a few of the subjects, many of which are shown in slow motion. "The British Sportsmen's Show," which will be produced in cinema theatres and public halls in the principal cities and towns throughout the land, has been organized by Mr. Basil Johnson with the assistance of well-known sportsmen, in order to raise funds for Dr. Barnardo's Homes, where over 8,000 destitute children are being cared for.

BRITISH PEN-MANUFACTURER'S TRIUMPH

British manufacturers are making a determined effort to stem the rising tide of adverse trade figures. A new fountain pen, specially priced to meet the reduced buying power of the public, has just been placed on the market by the old established firm of Mabie, Todd and Co., Ltd. In these difficult days, when to buy a British-made pen is almost a national duty, the new Swan Minor selling at half-a-guinea is assured a welcome reception. Fitted with the famous Swan 14-ct. gold nib and covered by the No-Time-Limit guarantee, the new Swan Minor is self-filling and has a full-size holder. It may be depended upon to introduce the advantages of Swan ownership to many thousands of new users.

WIRELESS

There must be many families to-day who, either from personal or patriotic motives, are economizing in every way possible. Among other things, outside entertainments will fall under the economy axe. There is, however, some consolation to be had from wireless. The British firm of Kolster-Brandes, Ltd., offer a wide variety of sets, with prices to suit all purses. The cheapest—the K.B. "Kitten," a two-valve battery receiver with built-in speaker costs only £3 15s. complete. Another low price receiver is the K.B. "Pup." This receiver is enjoying huge sales all over the country. It is a two-valve set containing a built-in speaker and it is obtainable complete with valves, batteries, and royalties for £5 3s. 9d. For the person who desires a three-valve set, with its wider range and greater selectivity, there is the "KoBra." Like the K.B. "Pup" this is a self-contained receiver, having a built-in speaker and accommodating batteries inside the cabinet. Its selectivity and sensitivity are remarkable, and at £9 17s. 6d. complete with valves, batteries, and royalties it represents astounding value. For the radio-gramophone enthusiast there is the K.B. all-electric radio-gramophone at the really inexpensive price of 30 guineas. The wireless reception of this instrument has a really excellent tone and it covers a wide variety of British and foreign stations. An all-electric gramophone reproducing equipment is included here. Again the reproduction is extraordinarily pleasing, and the walnut cabinet is so designed that it will look well in any room or scheme of decoration. Where simplicity of operation and low cost of up-keep are desirable, then there is no better receiver than the K.B. 279 three valve S.C. receiver operating from A.C. electric mains; it has an excellent moving coil speaker incorporated in the walnut cabinet—£18 18s including valves and royalties. The reader who desires absolute control of the ether should certainly see a K.B. Kol Star receiver, a six-valve super heterodyne receiver working from A.C. mains and with a moving coil speaker incorporated in the walnut cabinet; this instrument represents the Mecca of the radio enthusiast. Obtainable with or without walnut stand, it is priced with stand at £28 10s., or without stand at £27 including valves and royalties.



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THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Following our report in our last issue about the success of a tailor boy in Fordham House Technical School, we now hear that likewise two shoemakers have won exhibitions at the Cordwainers' College. This is very gratifying news, as it proves how worth while it is to take luckless children of England into Homes such as these and provide them with a trade which shall help them to become useful citizens. The expenses of training eighty boys as tailors or shoemakers is very considerable, and all assistance for this work will be gratefully received at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

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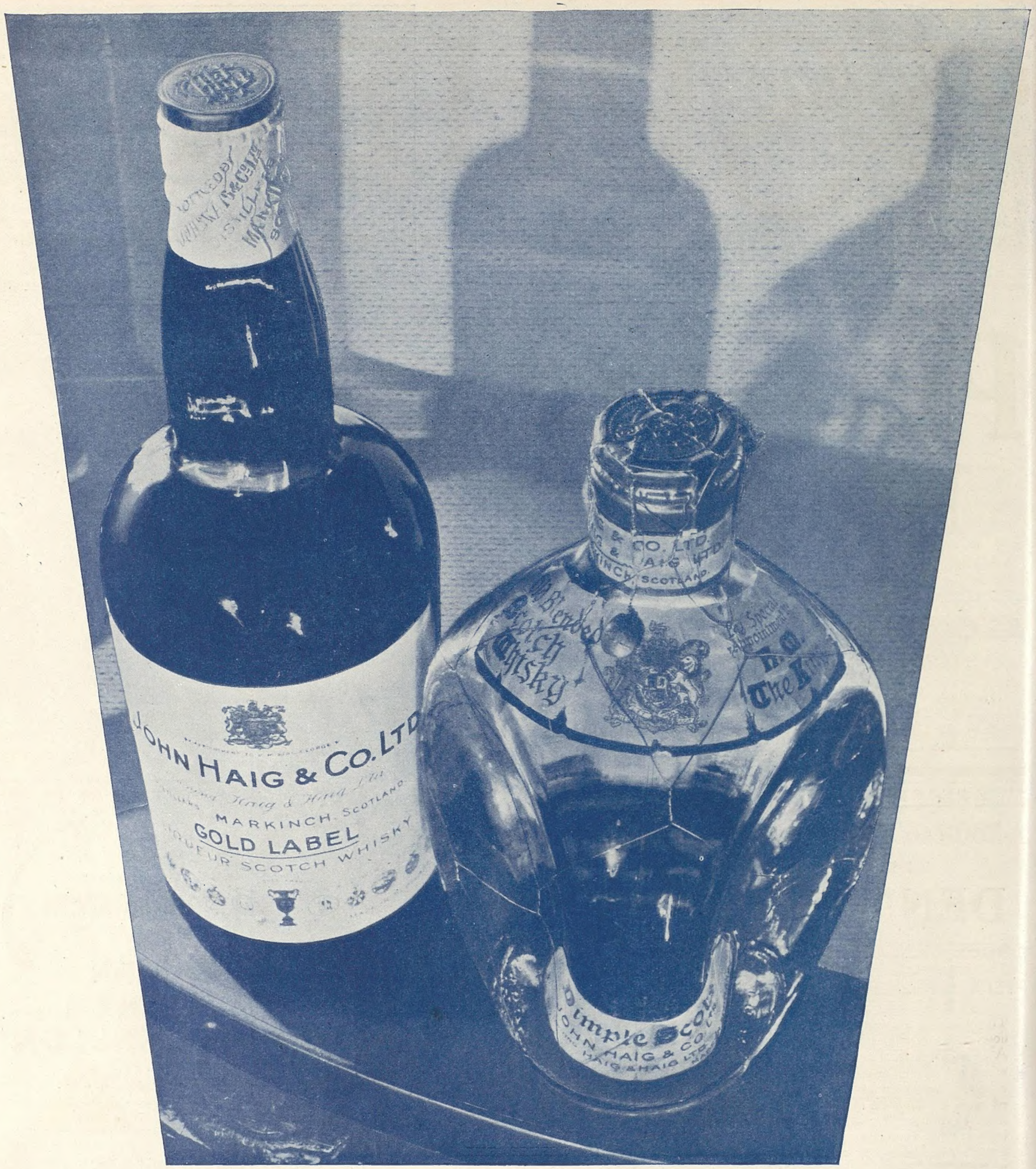

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